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[For the Saturday Press.]

The Poor Old British Drama.

A LONDON SKETCH.

BY J. H. SIDDONS.

Do you know Fireflake? If you don't, I will endeavor to describe him.

He is a well built, well-clad, well-shaven personage, who wears a black silk hat in Winter and a drab felt hat in Summer; and in his silk neckcloth, whether it be black, blue, or green, there is always a bit of crimson. If that does not establish his identity in your mind, nothing can; for in all other respects he is wonderfully like the rest of mankind. His face is rather a bald, unmeaning composition. "Providence hath slubbered it in haste." You would say that if it is to be accepted as an index to his mind, there must be very little in the latter receptacle. But if you scan the features of Fireflake minutely, you will trace a line running from between the brows perpendicularly up the os frontis, and three others elliptically curved across the entire forehead. The first has been caused by a practice which he was obliged to adopt between 7 and 11½ P. M., every weekday, for thirty years of his long and useful life, to prove to malevolent Barons that he was at odds with the world and prepared to do every man's murderous bidding for a due consideration,—and the other furrows arose out of occasional expressions of surprise, "Ha!"—or a habit of sardonical laughter, "Ha, ha!" preparatory to a deadly "one, two, three," up—and "one, two, three," under. Enfin, my friend, had been, in his youth and prime, the unmitigated ruffian of a dramatic establishment; and when an increasing belly blunted the point of his asseveration of poverty and misery, he turned moody Baron himself, and then finally dropped the executive for the administrative, and is now manager of a popular London theatre.

You may take it as a rule that stage villany and violence are in an inverse proportion to the personal attributes of their representative. Even as Liston, a humorist, when smelling the lamps, was melancholy and morose beyond their influence, so was Fireflake, the callous cut-throat and branded bandit of the Surrey, the Coburg and the Pavilion, the kindest and most inoffensive creature in the world when there was no "rightful heir" to be abducted or virtuous Count to be put out of the way. He was called the "Gentle Shepherd" at his club. Do you not know him now? Well, strolling through the Strand in December last, I met Fireflake. "Ah!" said he, "good Mr. S——, how glad I am to see you! How well you look. We are neither of us getting younger, but somehow nature is kind to you." I returned the compliment, telling him that he reminded me of old Adam in "*As You Like it*," who "never did apply hot and rebellious liquors to his blood." He smiled faintly as souvenirs of "cold without," his favorite potation (in moderation), passed over his memory's waste, and we went to the ordinary topics of the day. We passed from the builders' strike to the question of a national invasion, and both agreed that a war would be an immense calamity, theatrically speaking. "What should we do, sir?" he asked; "things were never at a lower ebb in the dramatic world than they are at this present speaking. We are becoming every day more dependent upon French invention, and if France forsakes us, adoo to the drayma." (I give you in common fairness Fireflake's own orthoepy.)

"Do not be so despairing," I replied. "We have still fine material at home."

"Have we, sir? I should like to know where it is to be found. I would pay a good price for a home-brew that would take. No, no, my dear sir; everything is used up. Look at your nautical dramas, for instance. Who cares for the stage sailor of Tippy Cooke's creation? Every little scamp in my gallery knows that you may travel all over the kingdom with your busses and ten-pound bounties, and you can't pick up such a fish anywhere. Our sailors are stokers and pokers; they don't know what generosity is, and 'a woman in distress' would have to sing out long enough before any of *them* would rush to her help and scare six ravishers with a cudgel. The hornpipe's a bore, and a sea-song downright rubbish. Then there's the combat of eight. Where's that gone to? Who cares when two fellows go at it hammer and tongs, whether virtue triumphs or is floored?. The interest of the story is now entirely lost in the personality of the fight. Time was when stout men clung to the benches in anxious doubt of the issue of a combat, and wives and daughters sat trembling in a cold perspiration. Now, 'Go it, Brown!' 'At him, Snooks!' form the running accompaniment to the sanguinary conflict."

"Well, admit that, have you not your tales of domestic pathos, spiced with low comedy? Is not 'the divine Billy' immortal."

"Law bless you, sir; how little you know! The domestic drama has been killed by the cheap Press. You get three or four domestic tragedies for one penny every week. Besides which, there is nothing to please the eye in English civil life. It's all black coats among the swells, and drabs among the roughs. Your scenery, too, is either a field and a stile, or a drawing-room with the roof of a house by way of a change. People know too much of lords now-a-days, to think them unredeemed villains, and the morality of ploughmen is—over the left. Then, sir, you talk of Billy Shakespeare. Who can do him? Except Mr. Phelps, who is an honor to the cloth, where is your Shakespearian actor, I would like to know? Mr. Charles Kean has put the immortal Bard into such fine clothes that he has quite spoiled the game. In the old Kemble and Edmund Kean time, folks were satisfied to hear the poetry of the Swan of Avon, without thinking of the accessories; but now we can't offer him, without such an expenditure of capital on antique properties and gorgeous scenery as no *business*, let it be ever so good, can pay. No, sir; it's all up with the 'poor old British drama.'"

"Then," said I, "in your private opinion, Fireflake, what should be done to avert so terrible a calamity as the closing the doors of our theatres?"

"There is not much difference," rejoined my friend, "between my private and my public opinion, but you shall have it, such as it is. I think the burlesques are going fast. You must have plenty of pretty, intelligent girls, and lots of new melodies to keep *that* game alive. Pantomimes can always be made by the scene-painter. The comic business is wretched. Harlequin and Columbine only waltz and polk, and the Clown and Pantaloon are reduced to tumblers. What you *do* want are good, long, historical dramas, which will fix the attention for four or five hours at a stretch. Our people have come to that. It's the French dodge, and answers mightily well. No matter what subject you take up, so as you go back to the time when dresses were picturesque, and your scene is laid out of England—or in some romantic localities. The worst of England is, that your comic people of a few centuries back talked such quaint lingo that the pit and gallery don't understand it. 'Marry, come up!' 'Good Master Barebones,' and all that—you know what I mean. Now if you could have a five, six, or seven act piece, with intervals of years between the acts, and plenty of good situations all through, I might run it a hundred nights and give as many pounds for it—*that* I would. It is our only course, I suspect, under present circumstances."

I grasped Fireflake's hand, with a look which was intended to convey to his heart the soothing assurance that something of the kind should be attempted for him. His sparkling black eye lit up at the silent intimation, and we parted.

I am now in for a dramatic fiction based on a fact,—that, I believe, is the popular definition of a historical drama or novel. What subject shall I take? Who shall be my hero? What period shall I select? Where shall I fix my scene? The Roundhead and Cavalier period is very tempting; the persecution of the Huguenots is a fertile theme; the Italian period when Venice and Genoa were supreme is rife with material; the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella is fruitful to a degree. To be sure that, like Mont Blanc, they all have been done and done until the snow is blackened with the footsteps of adventurous climbers, but they have yielded only tragedies and five-act plays in blank verse; they have not been converted into elongated prose dramas, embracing all the elements of popularity. I propose to set the example in working up the material into the form, and I promise you that even if it be at the expense of a few anachronisms and incongruities, the labor shall eventuate in *stunners*. There shall be a marvellous plot, and my hero shall be a well-established public character about whose private life little is yet known. My researches for facts shall extend into realms far more spacious than the circle of the British Museum reading-room. There shall be processions and dances for the eye; woods and forests for the fancy; exciting thunder-storms and tranquillising moonlights; poetry for the sentimental; homilies on the dignity of labor for the working-classes; patriotism for youth, and a moral result for the satisfaction of fastidious age. But do not suppose I seek a monopoly either of the honor or pecuniary advantages of this enterprise. In the cause of the drama generally, and in the interest of unemployed litterateurs, I make known the existing want—the ready market. Fireflake offers the prize,—let fifty pens compete for its possession. Let our united efforts convert the stage into the embodiment of a hundred unwritten historical novels, and my life on't the drama shall live even though the alien law should come into force and exclude the produce of French minds as well as the dirt of French bodies.

[For the Saturday Press.]

DEATH AT THE DOOR.

Crouching on the marble steps
That led into a house of prayer,
Sat a girl with face half hidden
'Neath a vail of tangled hair,
Looking like a fallen angel
Come to find a shelter there.

Loudly blew the winds around her,
Coldly fell the heartless rain,
Quickly flew the feet bound homeward;
No one saw poor houseless Jane—
No one, 'neath his woollen garments,
Felt the blast that gave her pain.

Open wide, great church, your portals—
For this stranger open wide;
Cold and wet she kneels before you,
Let her 'neath your arches glide—
Let her, in your lonely chancel
Safely from the tempest hide.

See! she shudders, growing paler
With each colder, keener blast,
Like a lily late in Autumn
By the careless gardener past—
Past, and left to be by whirlwinds
On the cold earth rudely cast.

Six long days hast thou been bolted,
Sheltering only dust and gloom,
Giving, to thy dumb, dead cushions,
Sumptuous seats, and ample room;
Whilst for poor and houseless strangers,
Sinless, spotless, waits the tomb.

Wealthy men have poured upon you
Golden showers, that you might rise,
Carrying up your fretted columns,
Babel-like, to meet the skies,
Filling dome, and towering belfry,
With the tumult of their cries,

Save us, Lord! we've sinned against thee,
Give us room in Heaven to dwell;
Look! how much we've done to praise thee,
Hear our loud-tongued Sabbath bell;
Louder than all other churches
Doth its Christian music swell.

Soft—she sleeps, poor child, how quiet—
The wind is sighing—now it shrieks—
The night grows dark, the dim-lit lantern
In its rusty socket creaks
While a poor and weakly woman
To the gentle sleeper speaks.

'Tis too late—the words, though loving,
Cannot touch the sacred dead;
Bear her gently, ere the morning
Brings the pious ones to tread
O'er the marble where the dying
Stranger made her painful bed.

Wrap her closely in the flimsy
Rags that hang about her form;
Grandly sounds the dirge that sweepeth
Through the arches of the storm,
Bravely rings the bell that screameth
On the opening Sabbath morn.

Flattering silks, and dainty laces,
Perfumed robes, and costly fur,
Whispering lovers, sparkling jewels,
Belles and beaux are all astir;
And the pastor in the pulpit,
Prays that man may never err.

ALICE GILL.

— Dr. Forbes Winslow has in the press a work of which the members of the medical profession entertain very high expectations. It will be entitled "A Treatise on Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind; their Incipient Symptoms, Pathology, Treatment, and Prophylaxis." Mr. Churchill, London, will publish it in the course of the present year.

[Translated for The New York Saturday Press.]

Z. MARCAS.

BY HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

I have never seen any one, counting even the remarkable men of this age, whose appearance was more striking than this man's. The study of his countenance inspired a sentiment of melancholy, and produced finally almost a mournful sensation. There was a sort of harmony between the person himself and his name. That Z. which preceded Marcas, which was to be seen upon the address of his letters, which he never forgot in his signature,—that last letter of the alphabet,—appeared to the mind almost fatal.

Marcas! Repeat to yourself this name composed of two syllables,—do you not find a sinister signification in it? Does it not seem to you that the man who bore it should be martyrised? Though strange and savage, this name has yet the right to descend to posterity; it is well composed, it is easily pronounced, it has the brevity needed by famous names. Is it not also as sweet as it is strange? Yet does it not also appear incomplete? I would not wish to take the responsibility of affirming that men's names exercise any influence over their destinies. Between the facts of their lives and their names, there are secret and inexplicable harmonies or open discords which surprise us.

Do you not see in the construction of a Z. an alluring charm? Does it not figure the sig-zag and fantastic changes of a tormented life? What wind has blown upon this letter, which, admitted into every language, yet commands hardly five words? Marcas called himself Zephirin. Saint Zephirin is greatly venerated in Brittany. Marcas was a Breton.

Examine this name once more. Z. Marcas! The entire life of the man is in the fantastic assemblage of these seven letters. Seven! the most significant of all cabalistic numbers. The man died at thirty-five. His life lasted therefore seven lustres. Marcas! Have you not an idea of something precious, that falls and is broken, noiselessly or otherwise?

I was studying law in 1836, in Paris. I lived then in Cornelle street, in a hotel entirely devoted to students,—one of those hotels with a winding staircase, lighted by the street, then by windows, and finally by a skylight. It had forty furnished rooms, furnished as students' rooms are. What more does youth want, than what is found in them,—a bed, a few chairs, a sofa, a looking-glass, and a table? When the sky is blue, the student opens his window. But in this street there were no neighbors over the way to look at it. Opposite was the Odeon, which had been closed for a long time, with its walls commencing to blacken, the little windows of its boxes and its immense tile roof. I was not rich enough to have a fine room. I could no afford to have even any room. Juste and I shared a room with two beds, up on the fifth floor.

On our side of the staircase there were only two rooms, ours and another little one occupied by our neighbor Z. Marcas. Juste and I remained for six months in complete ignorance as to who our neighbor was. An old woman, who kept the hotel, had told us that the room was occupied; but she had added that we would not be disturbed, as the person who had it was exceedingly quiet. In fact, during six months we did not meet our neighbor, and we heard no noise in his room, notwithstanding the thinness of the partition that separated us, which was only of lath and plaster, so usual in Parisian houses.

Our room was seven feet high, papered with a cheap blue paper covered with bouquets of flowers. The painted floor was ignorant of the polish that comes from rubbing. We had at the side of our beds a small piece of woollen carpet. The chimney ended so near the roof, and smoked so badly, that we were obliged to put up at our own expense, a flue. Our bedsteads were of painted wood, like those used in Colleges. Upon the mantle there were never more than two copper candlesticks, with or without candles, our pipes, tobacco loose or in a paper, and the little heaps of ashes which visitors had dropped there, or we ourselves, when smoking cigars. Two curtains of calico hung before the window, on each side of which were the wooden shelves for books, such as any one knows who has lived in the latin quarter, and on which we kept the few volumes necessary to our studies. The ink in the inkstand was always as thick as lava in a volcano? Cannot every inkstand become to-day a Vesuvius? The ragged quill pens served to clean out the stems of our pipes. Contrary to the laws of credit, paper was scarcer with us than cash.

How can people hope to make young men remain in hotels similarly furnished? The students, therefore, studied in the restaurants, in the theatres, in the passages of the Luxembourg, with grisettes, even in the law school, everywhere except in their horrible rooms,—horrible to study in, charming to talk and smoke in. Put a cloth on the table, see on it a dinner improvised from the best restaurant of the quarter, four plates and two girls, have this interior view lithographed, and even a bigot could not help smiling at it.

We thought of nothing but amusing ourselves. The cause of our disorder was to be found in the actual state of society, and is a serious matter for it to consider. Juste and I saw no place for us to take in the two professions which our parents forced us to embrace. There are an hundred lawyers or doctors for every one that is wanted. The crowd obstructs these two ways, which appear to lead to fortune, but are really two arenas, where men struggle and slay each other, not with swords and guns, but by intrigue and calumny, by horrible actions, by campaigns in the regions of intelligence, as murderous as those of Italy were for the soldiers of the Republic.

Now, while all life is a combat of intelligence, it is necessary to remain for forty-eight hours together, seated in a chair before a table, as a general remains for two days in the saddle.

The crowd of seekers has forced the science of medicine to be divided into categories. There are doctors who write, doctors who practise, political doctors and doctors militant: four different styles of doctor, and the four sections crowded. As for the fifth section, that of doctors who sell remedies, there also is a contest, in which they fight with infamous placards posted all over the walls of Paris. In all the courts there are as many lawyers as cases. The advocate is forced to betake himself to journalism, to politics, to literature. The State, assailed for the smallest places of the magistracy, has finally cease to require a fortune from those seeking office. The flat head of a rich grocer's son would be preferred before the square head of a man of talent who had not a cent. By working hard, employing all his energy, a young man who starts from zero may find himself at the end of ten years below the point he started from. In these days talent should have the good fortune by which incapacity succeeds, particularly since if it wants the base conditions by which ramping mediocrity gains success, it will never succeed.

If we knew our epoch well, we knew ourselves also, and preferred the leisure of a thinker to an activity without aim, the carelessness of pleasure to the useless work which wearies our courage and consumes the spirit of our intelligence. He had analysed our social state, while laughing, or smoking, or walking. Our discourse was neither less wise nor profound, for having guided our reflections thus.

While remarking the unsettled condition to which youth is condemned, we had been astonished at the brutal indifference of power for all the interests that appertain to intelligence, to thought, to poetry. What made Juste and I often exchanged, while reading the journals and learning the results of politics, going over the debates of the Chamber, discussing the conduct of a court whose voluntary ignorance could be compared only to the platitude of the courtiers, to the mediocrity of the men who formed a hedge around the new throne, all without wit or depth, without glory, or science, or influence, or grandeur! What an eulogy of the Court of Charles X. is the present one, if it can be called a Court! What hatred against the country is shown in the naturalisation of vulgar foreigners, without talent, and their elevation to the chamber of nobles! What a denial of Justice, what an insult offered to all youthful fame, to all native ambition! He looked upon all these things as a spectacle, and deplored them, without resolving upon any course of action.

Juste, whom no one came to seek, and who would go to seek no one, was at twenty-five a profound politician, a man with a marvellous aptitude for seizing the connections between the present state of affairs and those that were to come. He told me in 1831 what would happen, and what did happen: the assassinations, the conspiracies, the rule of the Jews, the restraint upon movement in France, the absence of intelligence in the higher classes, and the abundance of talent in the lower, where the finest courage becomes extinguished under the ashes of a cigar. What should he do? His family wished him to become a doctor. To be a doctor he must wait twenty years for patients. Do you know what he did? No. Well, he is a doctor; but he left France and is now in Asia. At this moment he perhaps succumbs to fatigue in the desert, he dies perhaps under the wounds of some savage horde, or perhaps he has become prime minister to some Indian prince. My vocation is action. Leaving college at twenty, I was prevented from following a military life in any other capacity than a simple soldier; and disgusted with the sad perspective of a lawyer's life, I resolved to acquire the knowledge necessary to make myself a sailor. I would imitate Juste, and leave France, where the time and energy necessary for the highest creations in art are wasted in attempts to make a place for oneself. Imitate me, my friends; I go where a man directs as he pleases, his destiny.

These grand resolutions were coolly made in that little chamber of the Hotel in Cornelle street, or in going to Musard's ball, flirting with happy girls, leading a foolish life, in appearance without care. Our resolutions, our reflections, had been for a long time vague. Marcas, our neighbor, was in a measure the guide who led us to the brink of the precipice or torrent, who made us measure it, and showed us beforehand what would be our destiny if we allowed ourselves to fall. It was he who put us on our guard against the depression we gain from misery, and which makes us lose hope by accepting precarious positions from which to struggle, by allowing himself to be carried along with the movement of Paris, that grand courtesan, who receives or dismisses you, who smiles at or turns her back upon you, with equal facility, who assumes the greatest determinations in small attempts; the city where misfortune is the kept mistress of chance.

Our first meeting with Marcas was an astonishment to us. Returning from our schools, before the hour for dinner, we always went up to our room and waited there for each other, to know if nothing had changed our plans for the evening. One day at four, Juste saw Marcas on the stairs; I met him in the street. It was November, and Marcas had no overcoat; he wore thick-soled shoes, woollen pantaloons, a blue frock-coat buttoned up to his chin, and with a square-cut collar, which gave a military air to his bust, particularly as he wore a black cravat. This costume had nothing extraordinary in it, but it harmonised well with his air and countenance. My first impression at seeing him was neither surprise, astonishment, sadness, interest, nor pity, but a curiosity that partook of all these feelings. He walked slowly, with a gait that told a profound melancholy, his head leaning forward, but not bent down with the air of those who feel themselves culpable. His large and strong head, which seemed to contain the treasures necessary to an ambitious man of the first order, appeared loaded with thought; it succumbed under the weight of mental grief, but had not the slightest indication of remorse in its features. His face can be described in a word. According to a system sufficiently popular, each human face has some resemblance to some animal. Marcas' animal was a lion. His hair resembled a mane; his nose was short, flat, large, and divided at the end like a lion's; he had a forehead divided like a lion's by a strong line, separating it into two large lobes; then his cheek-bones, made more projecting by the thinness of his cheeks, his large mouth, and his hollow cheeks, were marked with the wrinkles of pride, that were made more conspicuous by his yellow complexion. This almost terrible face was lighted with two black eyes of infinite sweetness, calm, deep, and full of thought. If it is allowable to say so, his eyes were humble. Marcas was afraid to look at any one, less on his own account than for those on whom his fascinating look fell. He possessed a power and did not wish to exercise it; he avoided the passers-by; he did not wish to be seen. This was not modesty, but resignation; not Christian resignation, which implies charity, but the resignation advised by reason, which has shown the worldly uselessness of talents, the impossibility of aiming at and living in the position which belongs to us. His look could at times give out lightning glances. From his mouth could come a thundering voice, which greatly resembled Mirabeau's.

"I saw just now in the street, a famous man," said I to Juste on entering.

"It must be our neighbor," said Juste, describing the man I had met. "A man who lives like a hermit ought to be thus," said he answering.

"What debasement, and what grandeur!"

"One is the reason of the other."

"How many ruined hopes, how many abortive projects!"

"Seven miles of ruins, obelisks, palaces, terrors; the ruins of Palmyra in the desert," said Juste, laughing.

We called our neighbor the ruins of Palmyra. When we went to take dinner in the said restaurant of Harpe street, where we boarded, we asked the name of No. 27, and learned this ominous name, Z. Marcas. Like the children we were, we repeated a hundred times, with all sorts of inflections, jocose or melancholy, this name, the pronunciation of which aided our fun. Juste finally came to hissing the Z., and after pronouncing the first syllable brilliantly like the rising of a rocket, he described its fall by the short brevity with which he pronounced the last.

"How do you suppose he lives?"

From this question to the innocent espionage which curiosity counselled, there was only the interval needed for the execution of our project. Instead of loafing we came home, and armed each of us with a novel, sat down. We read and listened. We heard in the absolute silence of our garret, the gentle and regular noise of some one sleeping.

"He sleeps," said I to Juste.

"At seven o'clock," answered the Doctor.

This was the name I had given to Juste; he called me the guardian of the seals.

"He must be very unhappy, to sleep as he is sleeping," said I, getting upon the sofa, with a large pocket-knife having a corkscrew in its handle. I made in the partition a hole about as large as a five-cent piece. I had not thought that his room was not lighted, so that when I placed my eye at the hole, I saw only darkness. About one in the morning, having finished our novels, while we were undressing, we heard a noise in the next room. Our neighbor got up, struck a match, and lit his candle. I mounted again upon the sofa. I saw Marcas seated at his table copying law papers. His room was about half the size of ours; the bed stood in a recess near the door, for the space occupied by the entry finished at his partition, and was added to the size of his room; but as the lot upon which the house was built, was not square, the back of the garret was not regularly shaped. There was no chimney in his room, but an earthenware stove, of white, sprinkled with green, the pipe of which went up through the roof. The window had a mean shade to it. A sofa, a table, and miserable dressing-table comprised the furniture. He kept his clothes in a wardrobe. The paper upon the wall was hideous. Evidently no one but a servant had ever lived there before cas came.

"What is the matter?" asked the Doctor, seeing me get down.

"Look for yourself," I answered.

Next morning at nine, Marcas was in bed. He had breakfasted upon a herring; we saw upon a plate, among the crumbs of bread, the remains of this aliment with which we are well acquainted. Marcas was asleep. He did not awake until eleven. He commenced again the copying of the night, which remained upon the table. As we went down we asked the rent of the chamber, and learned that it cost fifteen francs a month. In a few days we knew perfectly the kind of existence led by Z. Marcas. He did copying at so much a page, doubtless for a scrivener, who lived in Saint Chapelle Court; he worked during half the night; after having slept from six to ten, he got up, recommenced, and wrote until three; then he went out to carry his copy, before dinner, and went to eat in Michel le Compte street, on account of the nine cents a plate; then he came back to bed at six.

It was proved to us that Marcas did not say fifteen phrases in a month: he spoke to no one, he said not a word to himself in his horrible garret.

"The ruins of Palmyra are decidedly silent," said Juste.

This silence, in a man whose experience was so imposing, had something very significant in it. Sometimes in meeting him we exchanged glances full of meaning for each other; but which were followed by no remarks. Insensibly this man became the object of intense admiration, without our being able to explain why. Was it the secret simplicity of his life, this frugality of a hermit, this machine work which allowed his thoughts to remain quiet or to exercise themselves, and which indicated the expectation of some happy result, or some resolution taken about life? After we had walked among the ruins of Palmyra for a long time, we forgot them, we were so young. Then came the Carnival, the Parisian Carnival, which will efface the Carnival of Venice, and in a few years, if the discontented police do not meddle with it, will attract all Europe to Paris. Gaming should be allowed during the Carnival, but the foolish moralists, who have had it suppressed, are silly calculators, who will not reestablish this necessary evil until it has been proved that France loses millions in Germany.

This joyous Carnival brought, as it does to all students, great poverty. We had sold all our articles of luxury, our extra coats, boots, waistcoats, all that we had two of, except our friends. We eat bread and cold meat; we walked carefully; we commenced to work; we owed two months' rent at the Hotel, and we were certain of having a bill with the porter composed of more than sixty to eighty items, the total amounting to forty or fifty francs. We were neither noisy or joyful in crossing the entry at the foot of the stairs; we crossed it often at a leap, jumping from the stairs into the street. The day when there was no more tobacco for our pipes, we perceived that we had eaten, for some little time, our bread without butter. The distress was immense.

"No more tobacco!" said the doctor.

"No more overcoat!" said the guardian of the seals.

"Ah, fools that you are! you have dressed like postilions of Lonjumeau; you have wished to be spendthrifts, supping in the morning and breakfasting in the evening at Very's—sometimes at the Rocher de Cancale! To your dry bread, sirs! You should," said I, elevating my voice, "sleep under your beds; you are not worthy of sleeping on them."

"Yes, but, guardian of the seals, there is no more tobacco," said Juste.

"It is time to write to our aunts, to our mothers, to our sisters, that we have no more linen,—that the pavements of Paris would wear out stockings knit of wire. We will solve a fine problem in chemistry, by converting linen into money."

"We must live until the answer comes to our letters."

"Well, I am going to contract a loan with those of my friends who have not wasted their funds."

"What will you get?"

"Hold on! ten francs," I said, proudly.

Marcas had heard all—it was mid-day; he knocked at our door, and said, "Gentlemen, here is tobacco; you can return it to me at the first opportunity."

We remained struck, not at the offer, which was accepted, but at the richness, the fulness, and depth of his voice, which could be compared only to the fourth string of Paganini's violin. Marcas disappeared without waiting for our thanks. We looked at each other, Juste and I, in profound silence. To be asked by one who was evidently poorer than we were! Juste commenced to write to all of his relations, and I went to negotiate the loan. I obtained twenty francs from a fellow-patriot. In those unhappy, good times, gambling still existed, and in its veins, hard as the mines of Brazil, the young men risked a little, in the hope of gaining a few gold pieces. My fellow-patriot had some Turkish tobacco, brought by a sailor from Constantinople. He gave me as much of it as we had received from Z. Marcas. I brought back the rich freight to port, and we went to return triumphantly to our neighbor a luxurious pile of light-colored Turkish tobacco, in the place of his caporal.

"You have not wished to owe me anything," he said; "you have returned me gold for copper: you are children, good children."

These three phrases, said in different tones, were differently accented. The words were nothing, but the accent—ah! the accent made us like friends of ten years' standing. Marcas had concealed his copying; we understood that it would be indiscreet to speak to him about his means of existing, and we felt ashamed then of having secretly watched him. His wardrobe was open; it contained only two shirts, a white cravat, and a razor. The razor made me tremble. A looking-glass, worth perhaps one dollar, hung at the side of the window. The simple and unfrequent gestures of this man had a sort of savage grandeur. We looked at each other, the doctor and I, as if to know what we should answer.

Juste seeing me embarrassed, asked Marcas pleasantly, "Do you cultivate literature, sir?"

"I have kept myself carefully from that," said Marcas, "I am not rich enough."

"I would have thought," said I, "that poetry only, in these days, could make a man live as poorly as we do."

My remark made Marcas smile, and his smile gave grace to his sallow face.

"Ambition is not less severe to those who do not succeed," he said. "Therefore you who are just commencing life, keep to the beaten tracks. Do not think that you must become superior, you will be lost if you do."

"You advise us to remain as we are?" said the doctor, smiling.

Truth has in its pleasantry a grace so contagious and childish, that Juste's sentence made Marcas smile again.

"What results have given you this horrible philosophy?" I asked.

"I have forgotten once that chance is the result of an immense equation, of which we do not know all the roots. When we start from zero, in order to arrive at unity, the chances are incalculable. For the ambitious Paris is an immense roulette-table, and all young men expect to have a successful throw."

He handed us the tobacco we had given as an invitation to smoke with him; the Doctor went to get our pipes; Marcas filled his own, and then came into our room, bringing the tobacco with him: his room had in it only one chair and the sofa. Light as a hare Juste descended, and reappeared with a bay bearing three bottles of Bordeaux wine, together with cheese and bread.

"Good," I said to myself, without making a mistake of a son, "fifteen francs."

In fact, Juste placed gravely upon the mantle one dollar.

There are immeasurable differences between the man of society and the man who lives nearer to nature. When he was once captured, Toulsaint L'Ouverture died without saying a word. Napoleon, as soon as placed on his rock, commenced to chatter like a magpie; he wished to explain everything. Z. Marcas committed the same mistake, but only for our advantage. The majesty of silence is to be found only in the savage. There is not a criminal, who, though able to cause all of his secrets to fall with his head into the bloody basket, does not feel the strictly social necessity of telling them to somebody. I am mistaken. We have seen one of the Iroquois of the Faubourg Saint Marceau elevate the Parisian nature to the heighth of the savage nature. A man, a republican, a conspirator, a Frenchman, an old man, has surpassed all we know of the negro's firmness, and all that Cooper has ascribed to the redskins of diadain and calmness in the midst of their defeat. Morey, that Guatimosin of the mountain, preserved an attitude unheard of in the annals of European justice.

Here is what Marcas told us during this morning, mingling his recital with mouthfuls of cheese and bread, moistened with glasses of wine. Every now and then, the cabs which crossed the space in front of the Odeon, the omnibusses which rolled by, sounded their deep rumbling, as though to attest that Paris was still there.

His family was from Vitre; his father and mother lived upon an income of fifteen hundred francs. He had studied gratuitously in a seminary, and had refused to become a priest; he felt in himself the fires of excessive ambition, and had come on foot to Paris, with two hundred francs. He had studied law, while working with an advocate, to whom he served as first clerk. He was a doctor in law, was acquainted with the old and new legislation, and could teach them to the most famous avocat. He had studied the law of nations, knew all the European treaties and international custom. He had studied men and institutions in five capitals—London, Berlin, Vienna, Petersburg, and Constantinople. No one knew better than he did the precedents of the chamber. He had reported their meetings for a daily paper for five years. He could improvise, spoke admirably, and could speak a long time, with that deep and gracious voice that had so impressed us. He proved by the recital of his life that he was a great orator—concise, grave, but of a penetrating eloquence. He resembled Berryer in his warmth, and in moving the sympathies of the masses; and Thiers in skill and subtlety; but he was less diffuse, less embarrassed in knowing how to close. He expected to arrive quickly to power, without being committed to the doctrines necessary to a member of the opposition, and which later would embarrass a statesman.

Marcas had learned all that a true statesman should learn, and therefore his astonishment was excessive when he had occasion to verify the profound ignorance of the men who ruled public affairs in France. If his vocation was study, Nature had shown herself prodigal in endowing him with the necessary qualities; she had given him all of those that cannot be acquired—great penetration, command over himself, dexterity of mind, rapidity of judgment, decision, and—what is the genius of such men—fertility of resources.

When he considered himself sufficiently prepared, Marcas found France a prey to the intestine divisions caused by the triumph of the House of Orleans over the elder branch of the family. The field of political quarrels has evidently been changed. Civil war cannot last long, and is no longer waged in the provinces. In France there will not be again any but a combat of short duration, at the very seat of government, and which will end the moral war fought before by the intelligences of the highest. This state of things will last as long as France retains her singular government, which has no analogy with that of any other country; for there is no more resemblance between the English government and ours, than there is between the two countries. The place for Marcas was therefore in the political press. Poor, and unable to make himself chosen, he had to manifest himself suddenly. He resolved upon the course which, for a superior man, is the greatest sacrifice—to make himself a subordinate, and to work for some rich and ambitious deputy. A new Buonaparte, he sought for some Barras;—Colbert hoped to find Mazarin. He rendered great services—he rendered them; upon that point he concealed nothing. He did not pretend that he was great; he did not cry out against ingratitude; he rendered them in the hopes that this man would place him in the position of being chosen a deputy. Marcas wished only a loan of enough to buy a house in Paris, so as to satisfy the requirements of the law. Richard III. wished only a horse.

In three years Marcas had created one of the fifty pretended political capacities, which are the puppets with which two concealed hands play, absolutely as a director of a puppet-show dashes Punch against the

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending February 18, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nov. 12, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

The Bible by Itself. An Address before the New York Bible Society. By William Allen Butler. 18mo. gilt edges. New York: Robert Carter & Brother.

MEDICAL.

A Practical Treatise on Fractures and Dislocations. By Frank H. Hamilton, M.D., Professor of Surgery in the University of Buffalo. With 289 illustrations. 8vo. pp. 750. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sons of Malta Exposed. Full and complete exposure of the Ceremonies of this Secret Order. 8vo. pp. 32. 12 cents. New York: F. A. Brady.

Social Relations in our Southern States. By D. R. Hundley, Esq. $1. New York: H. B. Price.

Home Pastimes. Being full and careful rules for producing one hundred selected Tableaux. Directions for Dress, Lights, etc., etc. By J. H. Head. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Wild Sports in the South: or, The Camp Fires of the Everglades. By Charles E. Whitehead, translator of Gerard the Lion Killer. With Six Illustrations. 12mo. $1 25. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Horizontal Plowing, and Hill Side Ditching. By Nicholas T. Sorsby, M.D., of Alabama. Pamphlet. pp. 45. 50 cents. Mobile: S. H. Goetzel & Co.

A Complete Account of the Centennial Birthday of Robert Burns, as Celebrated by the Burns Club of New York, January 25, 1859, containing the Oration by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; the Speeches of William Cullen Bryant, Hon. James T. Brady, Rev. Samuel Osgood, Dr. John W. Francis, Adam Norrie, Esq., Edward M. Archibald, William Young, Esq., Hon. Horace Greeley, Charles Gerald, Esq., and others; Letters from Washington Irving, Hon. James Buchanan, Hon. Edward Everett, Rev. George W. Bethune, Rev. E. H. Chapin, Rev. Henry W. Bellows, Lord Napier, O. W. Holmes, H. W. Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, Gov. Morgan, and other distinguished men. To which are added the Prize Ode, delivered at the Crystal Palace, London; Halleck's Tribute to Burns; Poems by O. W. Holmes and J. G. Whittier; and the Baltimore Prize Poem. 8vo. Muslin, $1; morocco gilt, $2; Turkey morocco extra binding, $3 50. New York: Lang & Laing.

Doctor Oldham at Greystones and his Talk there. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

HISTORICAL.

Revolutions in English History. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Vol. I. Revolutions of Race. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life and Correspondence of Rev. Daniel Wilson, D.D., late Bishop of Calcutta. With Portraits, Illustration, and a Map of his Travels. By Rev. Josiah Bateman. Royal oct. cloth. $3. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hints on Nursing. By Miss Nightingale. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ENGLISH.

RELIGIOUS.

The End Not Yet. A Reply to Dr. Cumming's New Work, "The Great Tribulation; or, the Things Coming on the Earth." By W. Elfe Tayler. 12mo. pp. 60. 1s. 6d. London: Wertheim.

Thoughts on the Millenium, and on the First Resurrection. By a Barrister. Crown 8vo. 1s. London: James Nisbet & Co.

Aspirations from the Inner, the Spiritual Life. By Henry M'Cormac, M.D. London: Longman & Co.

NOVELS, ETC.

Too Late for the Train; or, The Autobiography of Reginald Beresford. 8vo. 5s. London: E. Marlborough & Co.

Alive or Dead. A Tale of St. Crispin's Parish. By Charles Howell. Crown 8vo, cloth. 10s. 6d. London: J. Blackwood.

Influence; or, The Sisters. By Albyn Locke. Crown 8vo, cloth. 10s. 6d. London: J. Blackwood.

The Step-Mother; or, Will She be a Nun? By Florence. Crown 8vo, cloth. 5s. London: J. Blackwood.

The Earl's Cedars. A Romance. By the author of Smugglers and Foresters, etc. 2 vols. 21s. London: L. Booth.

POETRY.

Columbus; or, The New World. A Poem. By Britannicus. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. London: A. W. Bennett.

Crinoline. The Adventures of a Crinoline, in Eight Cantos. By A. J. B. 12mo. pp. 60. Sewed. 6d. London: Simpkin.

Heart Visions and Realities: Poems of Hope, Love, and Disappointment. Also, Burns, Wellington, and the Poet's Apology. By Junius. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. London: Ward & Lock.

MEDICAL.

On Chronic Alcoholic Intoxication; or, Alcoholic Stimulants in Connection with the Nervous System: with a Synoptical Table of Cases. By W. Marcet. 12mo. pp. 170. Cloth. 3s. 6d. London: Churchill.

HISTORICAL.

Scotland in the Middle Ages. With Maps illustrative of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Divisions in the Tenth and Thirteenth Centuries. By Cosmo Innes, Esq., Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh. 1 vol., demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Original Papers Illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Milton; including Sixteen Letters of State written by him. Now first published from MSS. in the State Paper Office. By W. Douglas Hamilton. Printed for the Camden Society.

Two Letters to Charles Dickens, of England, upon the subject of the Court of Chancery. By Judge Lynch, of America. 8vo. 1s. London: Hall.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

Many Happy Returns of the Year. By Mary Cowden Clarke.
Macaulay, the Historian, Statesman, and Essayist.
Undercurrents Overlooked.
Miss Nightingales' Notes on Nursing.
An Exposition of the Book of Ecclesiastes. By the Rev. Charles Bridges, M.A.
Passing Thoughts on Religion. By the author of Amy Herbert, Thoughts for the Holy Week, etc.
Night Lessons from Scripture. By the author of Amy Herbert.
A History of the Early Church. By Miss Sewell.

RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK.

Cesar Birotteau. By Honoré de Balzac. [To be followed by The Lily of the Valley, Eugenie Grandet, Le Père Goriot, Illusions Perdues, Balthazer, etc., etc.]

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

Mademoiselle Mori. A Tale of Modern Rome.
The Semi-Detached House. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis.
Letters on Theological, Social, and Scientific Subjects. By Rev. F. W. Robertson.
Mademoiselle Mori; A Tale of Modern Rome.
The Lilies of Another Year. An Episode. By the author of The Angel in the House.
A Name Never Written: (the Story of Young Hearts that Scaled the Great Mountain three thousand years ago.) With other things. By the author of The New Priest in Conception Bay.
The History, Theory, and Practice of the Electric Telegraph. By George B. Prescott.
Holmby House. By G. J. Whyte Melville.
The Marble Fawn; or, The Romance of Monte Beni. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
The Semi-Detached House. Edited by Theresa Lewis.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Old Leaves, Gathered from Household Words. By W. Henry Wills.
Many Happy Returns of the Day. By Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke.
Lichtenstein; or, The Outlaw of Wurtemberg. From the German of Hauff.
A Smaller History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest. By William Smith, LL.D.

O. HUTCHINSON, NEW YORK.

Extemporaneous Discourses. By Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D. 12mo. pp. 388. $1.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, Feb. 18, 1860.

A Trip to Cuba. By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. 12mo. pp. 251. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

The Habits of Good Society. A Handbook for Ladies and Gentlemen. With Thoughts, Hints, and Anecdotes Concerning Social Observances; Nice Points of Taste and Good Manners; and the Art of making one's self agreeable. The whole interspersed with humorous Illustrations of Social Predicaments; Remarks on the History and Changes of Fashion; and the Differences of English and Continental Etiquette. [From the last London edition.] 12mo. pp. 435. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860.

Revolutions in English History. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Vol. I. Revolutions of Race. 8vo. pp. 563. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Stranger's Stratagem; or, The Double Deceit, and other Stories. By Sarah J. C. Whittlesey. 12mo. pp. 405. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1860.

Woman (La Femme). From the French of M. J. Michelet. Translated from the last Paris edition by J. W. Palmer, M.D., author of The New and the Old, Up and Down the Irawaddi, etc. 12mo. pp. 283. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860.

Wolfe of the Knoll, and other Poems. By Mrs. George P. Marsh. 12mo. pp. 327. New York: C. Scribner. 1860.

Edgar A. Poe and His Critics. By Sarah Helen Whitman. 12mo. pp. 81. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860.

The Mustee; or, Love and Liberty. By B. F. Presbury. 12mo. pp. 487. New York: Sheppard, Clark & Brown. 1859.

Over the Sea; or, Letters from an Officer in India to his Children at Home. 12mo. pp. 237. Philadelphia: A. S. S. Union.

Answer to Hugh Miller and Theoretic Geologists. By Thomas A. Davies, author of Cosmogony; or, Mysteries of Creation. Being an Analysis of the Natural Facts Stated in the Hebraic Account of Creation, supported by the development of existing acts of God toward matter. 12mo. pp. 302. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860.

The "Great Eastern." A colored lithograph. New York: Currier & Ives. 1860.

Black Diamonds Gathered in the South. By Edward A. Pollard of Virginia. 12mo. pp. 155. New York: Pudney & Russell. 1860.

Contents of Magazines.

Harper's Monthly for March contains: The Ballad of Valley Forge, by R. H. Stoddard; Life among the Loggers, by Charles Hallock; A Peep at the Elephant, by Charles Nordhoff; Lost on the Prairie, by Rose Terry; Coin in America—illustrated—by William C. Prime; Disappeared, by Alice B. Haven; A Fish Story; Little Brother, Part II., by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; The First Colonists of Florida, by Rev. J. T. Headley; Our Christmas Tree, by Fitz James O'Brien; A Night in a Snow-Storm, by Miss Mary E. Bradley; Lovel the Widower, by W. M. Thackeray; Tithonus, by Alfred Tennyson; The Search for a Northwest Passage; Nil Nisi Bonum—A Tribute to Irving and Macaulay—by W. M. Thackeray; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Tobacco and its Users; Fashions for March.

Thackeray's Cornhill Magazine for February contains: Nil Nisi Bonum, by Thackeray; Invasion Panics; To Goldenhair (from Horace), by Thomas Hood; Framley Parsonage—Chapter IV., A Matter of Conscience—Chapter V., Amantium irae amoris integratio—Chapter VI., Mr. Harold Smith's Lecture; Tithonus, by Alfred Tennyson; William Hogarth, Painter, Engraver, and Philosopher—Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time—I. Little Boy Hogarth, by Sala; Unspoken Dialogue, by R. Monckton Milnes (with an illustration); Studies in Animal Life, Chapter II.; Curious if True—(Extract from a Letter from Richard Whittingham, Esq.); Life among the Lighthouses; Lovel the Widower—Chapter II., in which Miss Prior is kept at the Door (with an illustration); An Essay without End.

Special Notices.

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ENGRAVERS AND PRINTERS.

104 Fulton (near William street), New York.

[From the *Press*, Philadelphia, October 7, 1859.]

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

To have a favorite piece of china chipped or broken, a pet book with its binding torn, a nice piece of furniture fractured, is a terrible and temper-destroying nuisance. Not without remedy, as we can testify. Mr. Spalding, who advertises his Prepared Glue in the *Press* to-day, sent us some of it yesterday. We devoted two hours to its practical application—result, two carved chairs completely restored, many odds and ends of china and glass made fit for use, a tattered map made as good as new, several daguerreotypes cases renovated, and an old folio edition of Herodotus and Homer, printed in the year 1500, whose antique boards (literally *boards*) were split, made strong enough to last for another century or two. We might have mended any quantity of children's broken toys, but caved in after an hour at the worst of them. This Prepared Glue, which is a liquid about as thick as glue, and applied by a brush which accompanies each bottle, is so indispensable in a house that we now wonder how we could have gone without it.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., ROBERT W. PEARSALL, } **Proprietors.**

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1860.

THE POEMS OF SYDNEY DOBELL.

The name of Dobell is supposed to signify "The Mouth of God." In signification rather than in sound, it may be considered a good name for a Poet.

Mr. Sydney Dobell—the poet whose works are here to receive our consideration for a little while—was born in the neighborhood of London, England, on the fifth of April, 1824. He is descended from an old Sussex family, notable as Cavaliers in the days of King Charles. His father, John Dobell, is known as the author of a book entitled "Man unfit to Govern Man;"—a book we have not read, but in the theory and wisdom of which we have unlimited confidence. His mother, Julietta Thompson, is the daughter of Samuel Thompson, well known as a reformer in the early part of the present century, and as the founder of a Christian Church, of "Free Thinking Christians," intended to realize the primitive Scriptural model.

The education of the youthful Sydney Dobell was conducted chiefly at home, by his parents and by various masters. Considering all the circumstances of his parentage and education, it is not remarkable that "the great object of his life" should be, as his biographer informs us it is,—"The introduction, in due season, of a new and nobler organization of Christianity."

Between the ages of twelve and twenty-four, the experience of Sydney partook more or less of "the close and dusky counting-house;" which, considering that he began to write verses at the age of nine years, must have been bad for the counting-house. In 1844, he married Emily Fordham, daughter of George Fordham, of Odsey House, in Cambridgeshire. "The Fordhams," remarks the biographer, "are among the most ancient families in that county." Subsequently he was released from constant attendance on business, and became that agreeable, highly poetic mercantile fact, "a sleeping partner." Early in the year 1858, he took a place called "Cleeve Tower," on the Cotswold hills, near Cheltenham, where he now lives, about twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, overlooking, whenever so disposed, an English landscape of eighty miles by fifty.

Mr. Dobell's principal works are two Dramatic Poems; namely, "The Roman," and "Balder." The former was written in the year 1848. The latter was begun during a journey in Switzerland, and finished somewhere on the Cotswolds in 1853.

After the completion of "Balder," the poet and his wife passed three years in Scotland—spending the Winters in Edinburgh, and wandering over the Highlands in Summer. A collection of short poems, entitled "England in Time of War," and a number of "Sonnets on the War," written in conjunction with Alexander Smith, were the literary fruits of this sojourn among the Scots.

The little "Blue-and-Gold" book recently published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, comprises a complete collection of Mr. Dobell's published poems, together with a "Biographical Notice" of their author.

We have read these poems with critical attention, and we are satisfied that Mr. Sydney Dobell is actually what the critics, as well as Laura Matilda, need not hesitate to pronounce "a true poet." By this we mean that his poems indicate a poetic genius. And this we say, notwithstanding Mr. Dobell is not now, and never can by any possibility become, a favorite of ours. Indeed, we do not well understand how he can become a favorite with anybody.

The Poets extant in the present age may be divided, as they say in the school-geographies, into two great classes. Those of one class believe that Poetry has a practical relation to society, and a practical influence on the spiritual education and progress of the human race. Those of the other class consider Poetry an ornamental art, provided by a kind Providence for the solace of idiots and people in love,—a perfectly harmless and rather pretty thing to do. The poetry of one class developes great ideas and principles; unlocks and otherwise invades the privacy of the Universe; reasons from Nature up to Nature's God; depicts all the awful struggles and experiences of the human soul; settles problems of life and society; makes all things to be as rightly they ought to be; and is altogether a sublime and extraordinary institution. The poetry of the other class treats rather largely of diamond mornings, turquoise evenings, rainbows, cataracts, and moonlight; and very largely of little girls, pretty bosoms, eyes, sighs, rings and things. This kind of poetry bears much the same relation to society that the fresco does to a ceiling. It is, in ornamental bearing, like the clock on the steeple of Trinity Church, and just as useful.

Mr. Dobell belongs to the former of these classes. He has a divine work to do, or believes that he has, which is much the same thing; and, like all people, whether in public or private life, who have a high and holy purpose in view, he becomes rather an uncomfortable companion at last. Moreover, he does not pursue his mission as pleasantly or as successfully as others have done before.

The most ambitious and altogether the greatest of Mr. Dobell's works is "Balder," a Dramatic Poem in forty-one scenes, the purpose and import of which is thus indicated by the author in a Preface:—

"The present book is the first part of a work, which I hope to complete in three parts. I intend as the principal subject of that work, the Progress of a Human Being from Doubt to Faith, from Chaos to Order. Not of Doubt incarnate to Faith incarnate, but of a doubtful mind to a faithful mind. In selecting the type and conditions of humanity to be represented, I chose, for several important reasons, the poetic type, and the conditions of modern civilization. . . . I understand that the public Press have described my hero to be egotistic, self-contained, and sophistical; imperfect in morality, and destitute of recognized religion; mistaken in his estimate of his own powers and productions, and sacrificing to visionary hopes and dreamy, distant philanthropies, the blessings that lay in his embrace, and the duty that was nearest. This is precisely the impression which I wished the readers of this volume to receive, and I owe some acknowledgement for such loud and emphatic testimony that exactly what I desired to attain has been attained."

Let not the reader imagine that this poem of "Balder" has aught to do with the Scandinavian God. The persons in this Drama are, Balder (a Poet), Amy (his wife), a Doctor named Paul, an Artist, and a Servant. The scene of action is Balder's "study;" which is in some building somewhere, overlooking a mountainous country. The poem consists principally of soliloquies delivered in the study by Balder,—who is liberally discontented with the Universe,—and songs sung in the next room by Amy,—who is naturally very much discontented with the man she loves. Doctor Paul reads the poet's manuscripts. Neither Artist nor servant have much to do with the business anyway. Amy eventually becomes insane, and is, at the close of the poem, in some danger of being killed by her interesting husband.

So ends the first part of Mr. Dobell's great poem; which,—but for our previous acquaintance with "Hamlet," "Manfred," "Faust," "Alastor," "Festus," the "Life Drama" of Alexander Smith, and several other productions in the same line,—might have possessed for us the merit and the interest of originality. It contains many fine passages, but as a whole, it does not thrill us with rapturous admiration. The same remark is equally applicable to "The Roman," which is the next in importance of Mr. Dobell's works, and which is described by the author as "a book of faith, patriotism, and self-sacrifice." We concur in that view of the poem. It is certainly a matter of faith and self-sacrifice, if not of patriotism, to read it.

Of Mr. Dobell's lyrical pieces, there is not much to be said, either way. A few of them are remarkably good: many of them are remarkably bad. Their author has not a pure artistic taste. A careless strength of thought and a breezy freedom of style are his characteristic peculiarities. Sometimes, as in the "Evening Dream," a passionate nature breaks out into wild and stirring strains of martial music. No poem in the language is more fiery and spirited—not even Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," which it indirectly suggests. Sometimes, as in the poem of "Tommy's Dead," we have glimpses of that tenderness which is so beautiful in a rugged nature,—of that pathos which is too deep for tears.

A good illustration of Mr. Dobell's characteristic style is the following little song, which he entitles

The Sailor's Return.

This morn I lay a-dreaming
This morn, this merry morn,
When the cock crew shrill from over the hill
I heard a bugle horn,

And through the dream I was dreaming
There sighed the sigh of the sea,
And through the dream I was dreaming
This voice came singing to me.

High over the breakers,
Low under the lee,
Sing ho
The billow
And the lash of the rolling sea!

Boat, boat to the billow,
Boat, boat to the lee!
Love on thy pillow,
Art thou dreaming of me?

Billow, billow, breaking,
Land us low on the lea!
For sleeping or waking,
Sweet love, I am coming to thee.

High, high o'er the breakers,
Low, low on the lea,
Sing ho
The billow
That brings me back to thee!

Of those peculiarities in Mr. Dobell's poetry which render it peculiarly susceptible to ridicule, we have little inclination and less space for remark. They are certainly very evident. The following passage, for example, is, as a comicality, quite worthy of *Punch*. It is from a poem entitled "A Shower in War Time":

"The bristled thatch gleamed with a carcanet,
And from the inner eaves the reeking wet
Dripped; dropping more
And more, as more the sappy roof was sapped,
And wept a murkier wash that splashed and clapped
The plain-stones, dribbling to the flooded door.
A plopping pool of droppings stood before,
Worn by a weeping age in rock of easy grain.
O'erhead, hard by, a pointed beam o'erlapped,
And from its jewelled tip
The slipping slipping drip
Did whip the fillipped pool whose hopping plashes ticked."

Again, as an evidence of what immense meaning a cultivated mind may condense into simple expression, the reader is invited to enjoy the following delectable observations, which the author has aptly entitled

Wind.

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the Winter stark,
Oh the level dark,
On the wold, the wold, the wold!

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the mystery
Of the blasted tree
On the wold, the wold, the wold!

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the owlet's croon
To the haggard moon,
To the waning moon
On the wold, the wold, the wold!

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the fleshless stare,
Oh the windy hair
On the wold, the wold, the wold!

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the cold sigh,
Oh the hollow cry,
On the wold, the wold, the wold!

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the white sight!
Oh the shuddering night
The shivering, shuddering night,
On the wold, the wold, the wold!

Philharmonic.

BEAUTEOUS BEING *(to* VACANT SWELL *who has waited his turn).*—How very annoying those people are. *(Makes no sign, but plainly indicates a lady and gentleman who are listening devoutly to the music.)*

VACANT SWELL *(trying to see it).*—Yaas, weally! *(Giving it up.)* How?

BEAUTEOUS BEING *(who has talked incessantly from 10 A. M., when the rehearsal commenced, until now, when the concert is nearly over).*—Their silence disturbs one so!

Iron-ical.

The proposed Commercial treaty between France and England.

What Phalon can't do.

Teach people how to dye Game.

What's in a Name?

A correspondent describes the rabid wing of the Republican family as *One-'oss-ow-tionists.*

The Line of Beauty.

Crino-line.

The Scarlet Letter.

The Red C.

"DOCTOR OLDHAM."*

This book is the production of a quiet, satisfied, serene mind, and is addressed to minds equally quiet, satisfied, and serene. To other than such it can have no interest.

The author of "Doctor Oldham" asserts in his hero an enthusiastic admiration for the character and the works of Robert Southey. With the mind of that poet his own mind seems in perfect sympathy. Probably the idea of this book was suggested by Southey's learned romance of "The Doctor."

Our notion of Southey is that he was a man of refined nature, extensive erudition, considerable talent, immense industry, and highly respectable character. He is not one of our heroes. We have not, and we cannot pretend to have, any enthusiasm in favor either of him, his works, or his imitators. We cannot, therefore, speak with enthusiasm of "Doctor Oldham."

Yet we understand, appreciate, and acknowledge the book at its proper value. Its atmosphere is very peaceful and soothing. Throughout its pages there is the glow of Summer sunshine, and the murmur of Summer winds. Its feeling is genial. It has a moral tone. Its pictures of domestic life are drawn with sympathy and therefore with truth. Its views of society, government, and religion, are mostly liberal and aspiring. It is written in a terse and musical style. Altogether it is a placid essay and full of placid characteristics.

For the reader must not make the mistake of supposing "Doctor Oldham" to be a story. "It certainly is not," says the author, "in any proper sense of the word. There is next to nothing of story in it; and what little there is, is there for the sake of the book, and not the book for the sake of the story—a literary distinction I trust you will not fail to make. The book is a record of talk at Greystones—the talk of Doctor Oliver Oldham. His wife may say something; his friends may chance to get in a word now and then; but the talk will be mostly the Doctor's. . . . It is to be a book full of the Doctor—a book of thought; for the Doctor is always thinking as well as talking; and I shall have to set down his thoughts on all sorts of subjects—books and things, men, manners, life, art, morals, politics, and religion."

The scene of the conversations and disquisitions recorded in this volume, is the library of Doctor Oldham, at "Greystones,"—a cottage, so named by the Doctor's daughter Lilly, situated in a sheltered nook on the Hudson. The location of this rural Paradise is somewhat definitely described as being "a little South of the old Dutch town near which it lies."

The persons introduced—chiefly as the Doctor's auditors—are "Mrs. Oldham," his wife; their children, "Phil," "Lilly," and "Fred;" "Cousin Kitty;" and a learned Professor named Clare, who reads the New York *Daily Times*, and has a weakness for Greek. The writer of the book represents himself as living in the Doctor's family, and assures us that the Doctor is still alive.

Nothing certainly could be simpler in the way of literary art than the plan of this volume. Simplicity is its attribute. The writer declares that he never drinks anything but cold water. It is evident he speaks the truth.

The execution of the book is faithfully consonant with its plan. The Doctor—who is what is called "a character," and has "ideals"—proses away at different times on a great number and variety of subjects, quoting Pantagruel, Huber, the Bible, Rabelais, Shakespeare, the Sparrowgrass Papers, Addison, Pythagoras, Wordsworth, Doctor Vox, Southey, Sheridan, Cobden, Doctor Henry, Bulwer, Lord Bacon, Molière, and the Declaration of Independence. Many of the subjects discussed are trivial, and are discussed in a trivial way. Others of them are more important, and are discussed with the ambitious force of a philosophic intellect. That the reader of this notice may derive from it some definite impression regarding the agility with which Doctor Oldham travels through the domain of mortal speculation, it may be remarked that he discusses, indifferently, Good Company, Doctor Southey, Downing, the Distinction between Man and Brutes, bad Catechisms, Fiction, Nature, Art and its Limitations, the Starry Heavens, the Universe, Pantheism, Time and Space, Shirt-making and Stocking-mending, Comfort and Swill, Universal Suffrage and an Elective Judiciary, Government, Woman's Rights, Christians and Heathen, God, Japan, the Gospel of Cotton Fields, the Constitution of a Gentleman, and the Doctor's Horse.

To our taste, the chief merit of this book is the purity of its style. It is high praise to say that, in this respect, it often suggests "The Vicar of Wakefield." We subjoin an extract, wherein Doctor Oldham, with a sympathy which indicates in himself the realization of his ideal, discourses of the character of a Gentleman:

ABOUT CASPAR TUBEROSE AND HIS WIFE.

"But what is it that makes a gentleman?" asked Mrs. Oldham.

"I'll tell you first who is a gentleman. He is a man you know—that florist that has his conservatory at the upper end of Madison street."

"What, Tuberose?"

"Yes, Caspar Tuberose!"

"Who comes to church every Sunday, with that grotesque little figure of a wife hanging on his arm?"

"The same. She is crazed, poor thing! Tuberose went to England some fifteen years ago or more, and returned, bringing her with him. She was young, and, I dare say, very pretty, when he married her; and I have always fancied there must have been some touch of romance in the affair. The fright of the voyage, or some peril at sea, I am told, gave her nerves such a shock, that it unsettled her brain, and she has never been rightly herself since, though always harmless, I believe."

"What a figure she makes of herself!" said Mrs. Oldham, "coming to church—her slender form arrayed in a scant, slim dress, hardly coming down to her ankles—the little belt around her waist, or rather almost up to her arms—the old-fashioned Quaker kerchief covering her bosom, and her huge, overshadowing bonnet; she is the queerest sight in the world. She has two of those extraordinary bonnets—one for Winter and one for Summer—both in shape like coalscuttles of the largest size, very flaring, projecting forward more than six inches beyond her forehead and face, and bedizened with many-hued ribbons—a perfect quarrel of inharmonious colors, in Madge Wildfire fashion."

"The ribbons," said the Doctor, "are, probably, a crazy addition; but, as to the rest, the bonnets and the dress are of the same fashion, if not the very same articles, she wore when she first came here a new young bride; and she cannot comprehend that the fashions have changed, or perhaps the memory of the pleasure she then felt in her array still clings so vividly to her shattered mind, that she cannot imagine anything else so fit and so fine."

"Well, about Tuberose, husband?"

"He, you observe, is the pink of nicety and neatness. He comes to church dressed with the greatest propriety, and in the mode of the day, with a delicate little nosegay in his button-hole. His whole presence is instinct with precision and decorum, a sense of the proper and the fit. He is perfectly aware of the grotesque appearance of his wife, and of the ridicule it is fitted to provoke in the coarse or the thoughtless. He is just the man to have the keenest sensibility to the contrast between himself and her, and the spectacle they make together. Yet you see not a trace of it in his face or manner, as he goes to church with her—no false shame, no mortified vanity, no neglect or coldness to her—not a particle of mean feeling or behavior; on the contrary, he gives her his arm with as much deference as if she were the most correctly dressed duchess in his native land—more than this, with an air of protecting reverence that represses all ridicule, and commands respect for her from everybody that sees them, as he conducts her along the street, sits beside her at church, and goes with her to the chancel rail on Communion Sundays.

"That little florist, I say, has that something inside which it takes to make a gentleman—the very quintessential internal quality of one, which Mr. Stockjob Pile has nothing of. Could Stockjob behave as Tuberose does in like circumstances? No, he cannot even respect such behaviour.

"I declare I wish I had a sketch of Tuberose and his wife coming to church, arm in arm—such as Wilkie would have made. I would give it the place of honor there, under Ary Scheffer's Christ, the Consoler."

The Difference.

Jo Cose says that 'the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedle-dee' may be explained with *ee's.*

Motto for a Neutral Paper.

All talk and no sider.

Railroad 'Stock'-holders.

Cattle cars.

A Plea for Old Cheese.

Mite is right.

— The author of "Doctor Oldham at Greystones, and His Talk There," published this week by the Messrs. Appleton, is said to be the Rev. Dr. Henry, of Poughkeepsie.

— Two important additions to his series of "Handbooks" are promised by Mr. Murray, one domestic, the other foreign. A "Handbook of the Southern Cathedrals of England" is nearly ready, and one of Paris is in preparation.

* Dr. Oldham at Greystones, and his Talk There. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

I know not whether it be a more melancholy or ludicrous sight, the little and unnecessary jealousies of artists. How strange that any one should think of enhancing one's own value by depressing that of another! Perhaps this is the reason why the dramatic art, which should be the highest of them all when music is excepted, has something now of coarseness and inferiority clinging to it.

With a very few exceptions, the leading artists on the stage have but one way of disposing of their rivals for fame—with thick, unflinching anathema. Yet nothing sounds so hideously in the mouth of any artist as abuse of his own art and the exponents thereof.

Without a sincere reverence and an earnest enthusiasm for his art, no artist can ever become truly great. And petty jealousy, perhaps, saps the strength of talent more rapidly than any thing else.

Artists should hold each other's hands in mutual bonds of protection and sympathy, and so form a strong flank with which to breast the world's foolish prejudices against them. They will have onslaughts enough from the critics and the blasé public, who have been to Paris, where nobody is ashamed of madly admiring, and have returned with the receipt for impeccability in their pockets. Paris is the last place to go to learn coldness. All the young Americans I know are more blasé than the most inveterate Parisians. Paris is a place that never exempts you from emotion, so that they who travel with a view to starve out their emotional natures had better sneer at that city and pass it by.

But to return to my subject: why should artists strive to undo each other's fame? Can any actress gain anything by seeking to prove that Matilda Heron and Laura Keene are without talent? A critic might gain thereby, for he should have a wonderful cunning of rhetoric to make a respectable case out of it; but an artist may lose, but cannot gain.

When young poets insists that Tennyson and Mrs. Browning and Shelley cannot write poetry, our opinion of their own powers is not enhanced; we even have a secret suspicion that they are muffs. Can artists take the hint?

All arts must have suns forming planetary systems around them. The litterateur, the musician, the painter, the sculptor knows it and acts therefrom, and it is vain for dramatic artists to seek to discharge the suns, and set up their own little planetary establishments.

Musicians have jealousies enough, but not so many as the stars of the stage. Because a great singer will allow himself sometimes to be utterly carried away by the talent of a rival who is singing before him, and he gives his applause without an attempt to patronize. In speaking of each other, they are, alas! too apt to degrade with a vain view to their own aggrandizement. Gottschalk had, however, a splendid peculiarity in this matter. His appreciation was equal to his power. He had the loftiest intellectual perception of those who were great in his own art. He was utterly above all small rivalries and jealousies; he was unacquainted with the name of malice. O! if all artists were like this splendid one, how long could the snobs of society talk about patronizing music?

Yet, after all, these small jealousies are only excrescences on the characters of artists; they are not the character itself. No class of persons are so generous to each other in cases of real distress as they are. Then they band together, and strain every nerve to lift any one of them out of poverty and illness. The merchants and bankers do not so.

I wish the critics could remember that the artists are under no especial obligation to them for dilating upon them; the benefit is mutual. The critic lives by criticism—that's his bread and beer.

I hope no one will imagine that I am writing thus with a personal view, for I am not. I am particularly averse either to attacking individuals or answering their attacks on me. They need not put R. S. V. P. at the bottom of their satires upon me, because I won't answer them, whatever they may say.

[From "Doctor Oldham at Greystones, and His Talk there."]

A Short Chapter on Judge-making—Not Amusing; and Not so likely to be interesting to those Who Need, as to those Who Do Not Need, the instruction it contains.

"You are in favor, then, of our present way of making judges by universal-suffrage ballot-box elections?" asked the Doctor.

The subject came up between him and Professor Clare, a few days after the talk recorded in the last chapter.

The Professor said he was.

"You go also for a limited term of office—for frequent elections at short intervals, instead of the old tenure?"

The Professor approved of that too. It was, he thought—in accordance with the genius of our institutions. That is a phrase he is greatly pleased with, and one he often uses. If anything falls—or seems to him to fall—within its application, that of itself is enough to commend it to his judgment and approval.

"Genius of our institutions!" replied the Doctor; "will that make a foolish thing a wise one, or console us for its working badly? Don't you see it is against all human nature that such a tenure of judicial office should work well?"

The Professor confessed he did not see it.

"Well," continued the Doctor, "there was a time in England when all the judges were not only appointed by the crown, but held their office at the mere good pleasure of the king, who could at any moment remove them by his absolute will. But in the time of William the Third it became an established part of the British Constitution, that they should hold office during good behavior—though in practice their commissions were considered as vacated upon a demise of the crown as late as the reign of George the Third, when, at the earnest recommendation of that sovereign, this cause of vacancy was done away with, and the tenure of judicial office was made perfect during good behavior, with an ample and dignified official salary absolutely secured. You think this an improvement on the old way, don't you?"

"O yes, it was a great triumph for British liberties, a noble security for the rights of the people."

"How so?"

"Because it made the judges independent of the crown," replied the Professor.

"But wherein lies the worth and importance of that independence?" asked the Doctor.

"Why," said the Professor, "it freed the judges from temptations to pervert the course of justice, in order to suit the royal pleasure, and afforded the best guarantees for the upright and impartial administration of the laws."

"True," replied the Doctor, "and yet you don't see that the same principles in human nature require that the judges should be equally independent of the popular as of the royal will?"

The Professor looked puzzled, as if taken a little aback.

"Are judges," added the Doctor, "any more likely to be upright and impartial when they depend for continuance in office upon the will of the people, than when they depend upon the good pleasure of a king?"

The Professor's face cleared up. He was sure—he said—they were.

"Well," replied the Doctor, "that is a mere question of comparison and degree not worth deciding; for even if it be as you say—though I don't believe it—would that at all impair the truth of the general principle which makes the independence of the judiciary of the highest importance to the impartial administration of the laws? The true question is: whether it is not best for the purity and integrity of the judges that they should be freed from all dependence upon the mere arbitrary pleasure of anybody, whether of a single or a multitudinous sovereign, and so freed from all temptations and respects of fear or favor?"

The Professor made no reply.

"My dear sir," continued the Doctor, "don't talk any more about the genius of our institutions, as if that was necessarily conclusive of anything. What is the use of being duped by phrases? There is a great deal of human nature in man. What matters a fine theory if it is not adapted to human nature under its actual conditions?

"Besides, the way of making judges you approve of is not—rightly considered—fine in theory: it violates a great principle lying at the bottom of the matter—a principle the bulk of the people have no perception of, and which you and thousands of others like you, who ought to be more clear-headed, do not seem to see."

"What is that?"

"Why, that the sovereign should never sit on the bench itself. It is essentially tyrannical, incompatible with any proper security for righteous judgment. I suppose you see that it must be so in absolute monarchy, where the sovereign power is vested in a single person!"

"Yes," the Professor said, "that is very clear."

"It has always been so held," said the Doctor, "by the wise in all modern times, even under the most absolute governments of Europe; and neither Louis the Fourteenth, nor Frederick the Great, ever dared face their people with a denial of the principle, however they may in any case have overborne it in practice.

"Yet you are in favor of a way of making judges which virtually puts not even the sovereign—bad in principle as that is—but a majority on the bench. But there is always tyranny, always danger to justice, where the holder of the supreme power—be it Louis the Fourteenth or the majority—either sits in judgment or controls or influences it in the courts.

"I do not approve of the judges being elected by the people: but I do not think the mode of their appointment matters so much, provided they hold during good behavior. But to make their continuance in office dependent at short intervals upon a popular vote, is bad in principle, and so it cannot but work badly especially in our great cities, like the one down below.

"Think of it: judges elected every little while—on the same ticket perhaps with political officers—at any rate the nominations always controlled by party managers—the balance of power in the hands of that sort of human nature which is always to be found in such large proportions in great cities, and which is always likely to be most prominent and powerful in politics and elections, at primary meetings and at the polls; gracious heavens! What must not the administration of justice in time come to? What has it not come to now? Where is that certainty of punishment following crime which the wisdom of criminal jurisprudence and the good of society demands? There is almost nothing of it left. It is scarcely possible to bring a criminal who has money or political influence within the compass of the penalties of the law.

"I do not say that all the evils in the working of our judicial system come merely from the bad tenure of office of the judges. Some of them come from, and all of them are aggravated by, the unwise multiplication of judges and courts. Hence you see court interfering with court, and judge with judge—a perfect war of writs and counter-writs; and what with the practical working of the law on jury-forming and on admissible evidence, the administration of justice is well-nigh reduced to a game of legal thimble-rigging between sharp lawyers. It is almost a bounty on crime, a proclamation of immunity to the criminal.

"No, sir, our way of making judges does not work well; it will go on to work worse and worse; and justice will never have free course until the people become wise enough to put good and fit men upon the bench without regard to party politics, and to make them independent of the popular favor for their continuance there.

"Of which there is small hope."

THE AGES OF FOREIGN LIVING WRITERS.

A recent number of *Once a Week* contained a statement of the ages of some of the most noted British writers now living, which has been widely copied by the English and American press. The list was not by any means complete, and it contained several important errors, patent to all persons familiar with the personal history of literary celebrities. For instance, Sir Archibald Alison was reported to be 49, when he was born December 29, 1792. Rev. Dr. George Croly was reported 74, whereas he is 80. Matthew Arnold was reported 35; he is 37. Indeed the whole list was made up last year, so that one year should be added to the age of every individual. We reprint the list revised and corrected.

James Hannay 33; Julia Kavanagh 36; Matthew Arnold 37; Florence Nightingale 37; Rev. C. Kingsley 46; Captain Mayne Reid 42; G. H. Lewes 43; Tom Taylor 43; Shirley Brooks 44; Albert Smith 44; William Howard Russell 44; Professor Aytoun 47; R. Browning 48; Charles Mackay 48; Charles Dickens 48; W. M. Thackeray 49; A. Tennyson 50; Fanny Kemble 49; Mark Lemon 51; Edward Miall 51; R. M. Milnes 51; W. E. Gladstone 51; Hon. Mrs. Norton 52; Charles Lever 54; Professor Maurice 55; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton 55; Benjamin Disraeli 55; Harrison Ainsworth 55; Mary Howitt 56; H. Martineau 58; Mrs. Gore 60; S. C. Hall 60; Mrs. Marsh 61; Barry Cornwall 61; Samuel Lover 62; Albany Fonblanque 63; Rev. G. R. Gleig 64; T. Carlyle 65; W. Howitt 65; Sir John Bowring 68; Sir Archibald Alison 68; Rev. H. H. Milman 69; J. P. Collier, 71; Frances Trollope 73; W. J. Fox 74; Sir W. Napier 75; Rev. Dr. Croly 80; Lord Brougham 82; and Walter Savage Landor 85.

We have said the above list was incomplete, a fact which will be seen by the omission of the following names, which we give together with the ages of the writers: Gerald Massey 32; Miss Muloch 34; William Wilkie Collins 36; Sidney Dobell 36; James Grant 38; Wm. Hepworth Dixon 39; Eliza Cook 42; Francis Brown 44; Philip J. Bailey 44; Alfred Domett 45; George Gilfillan 47; John Forster 48; Elizabeth B. Browning 50; Mary Cowden Clarke 51; Richard C. Trench 53; Charles Swain 57; Thomas Aird 58; Robert Chambers 59; G. P. R. James 60; Henry G. Bohn 60; John Moultri 61; Charles Lyell 63; Alexander Dyce 63; T. C. Grattan 64; George Grote 66; Michael Faraday 66; John Clare 67; Francis B. Head 67; Lord Mahon 78; David Brewster 78.

We give below the ages of several French and other writers of Continental Europe, whose works are translated into English, and enjoy a popularity on this side of the Atlantic: Louis Blanc 47; Eugene Sue 62; Kossuth 54; George Sand 55; Alexander Dumas 57; Victor Hugo 58; Emile de Girardin 58; A. Thiers 63; A. de Lamartine 68; Victor Cousin 69; Francis P. G. Guizot 73.—*Boston Transcript.*

— The foreign journals report that among the many important questions which are occupying the attention of the present ruler of France, is the settlement of the vexed questions affecting literary property. The Emperor Louis Napoleon is supposed to entertain a belief in the possibility of a perpetual copyright. The consideration of this matter is to be confided to a special commission, to be composed of the first writers and lawyers in France. M. Gustave de Champagnac, the head of the bureau de la Proprieté Littéraire et Artistique, has written an article in the Revuë Européenne in support of the principle of perpetual copyright. The Belgian Congress suggested fifty years, but M. de Champagnac says, "placed at the head of the Bureau de la Propriété Littéraire in the office of the Minister of the Interior, it seems to me that I have the right, almost the duty, of publishing the result of my examination into this matter. The result is favorable to the perpetuity of the rights of authors." Some of the English literary journals say this idea is a grand one, albeit legists and statesmen have pronounced it to be impossible, and "against the spirit of the laws."

— Among the works in preparation by the Messrs. Longman, London, is one entitled "Salmon Fishing in Canada, by a Resident," edited by Colonel Sir James Edward Alexander, one of the numerous biographers of the late Duke of Wellington, the author of Travels in Africa, Persia, America, etc.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Faits Divers.

The theatres give us nothing new this week. I am in the desert waiting for Wood, who will be along presently.

Over at the New Bowery they have the very astonishing, I may say stunning, sisters Western, whose claims to artistic eminence rest altogether upon their physical attractions, which are of the loudest and most powerful character. They remind me very strongly of the remark of an English critic about the reviews at the Paris theatres, that they owed their popularity chiefly to the introduction of a number of ladies "whose dresses began very low down, and finished very high up." A new piece nominally, but really a variation of the old theme, has been done for the sisters by Mr. W. B. English. *Polly Jordan* is the title, and the affiche bears a picture of the lowest and most vulgar character. Where's pious Pillsbury's powerful police?

There are plenty of Poor Young Men about town now—I mean in the theatres. There's Mr. Lester Wallack's Poor Young Man at Wallack's; there's *Der Roman Eines Armen Junger Mannes*, which has had an immense run of six nights at the Stadt Theatre; and to-night, at the Theatre Français, Mr. Mannstein will produce *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*. The pieces played at the Stadt Theatre and the Français are announced as having been written by M. Octave Feuillet; but I sincerely trust they will be as entertaining as the work of Mr. Lester Wallack.

Miss Laura Keene has renewed for *Jeannie Deans* the *Ledger* style of advertising, which pushed *Our American Cousin* over the dull months. I see that there is already a good deal of Peoria and Attakapas in town, so *Jeanie* is good for another month.

The prettiest thing in the way of an imitation that I have seen for many a day, was the "Growler's" paper in the last *Sunday Times*. It was immediately recognized as an exact copy of the style of Mr. S. Wallace Cone, one of the best writers in the Custom House.

Among the large number of kind friends whose minds are exercised about the subscriber's style, is one who conceals himself under the modest mantle of anonymity, and sends me some extracts from a Rochester paper, upon the performance of Mr. ——, as *Sir John Falstaff*. This actor's "reputation," according to your rural contemporary, "stands firmly on the "highest round of dramatic fame." His performance of Shakespeare's "beautiful effusion" is a "great rendition;" he "has contested the palm of greatness "with the most distinguished actors of the age;" he "stands forth in bold relief;" he is "immeasurably "great." The other paper says that "he stands upon "the topmost round of dramatic fame," and talks about his "rendition." I am afraid that the actor was, like Garrick, his own critic. He finished his engagement with the very suggestive and appropriate role of *Nicholas Flam*.

Last Saturday there was a great time for all the Anna Marias who are in the musical way, the fashionable thing to do, now-a-days. In the morning, at ten, the Flirt Harmonic Society had a rehearsal. No end of crinoline, and but few trowsers. At one o'clock there was a Patti Matinée, and another tremendous feminine convention, with the attendant Jeunesse Dorées and shopmen who try to set themselves for the gilded youth, and look as if they had been galvanized. The Brightest and the Best was there, of course. She misses Vespers sometimes, but never a Matinée. In the evening there was the third concert of the Flirt-Harmonic, when there was another very large audience to hear a programme which was somewhat too scientific to be generally understood. Colson was to sing the aria from the *Magic Flute*, but got sick at the last moment, and didn't come. Search was made for the inevitable Stigelli, who was found resigning himself to the blandishments of lager bier and sweitzer kaise, with a friend. Like Anna Maria when she has a design on the Governor's cheque-book, Stigelli had his 'Tear' already, and delighted everybody with it.

Certainly the "Academy" was "one of Music" on that day and evening.

Madame Gazzaniga leaves town immediately. After a concert-tour in the West, she is to sing at the New Orleans Opera House, at the moderate salary of two hundred dollars per night.

The London *Critic* (Jan. 27) says that Tom Taylor's dramatized version of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," "has been even more unsuccessful than similar attempts to convert a novel into a dramatic piece." The *Critic* was immediately picked up and snubbed by Celeste, who writes to the *Post* that the play had not been produced when the article was published. Queer error for a careful paper like the *Critic* to make.

The piece was done on the 31st, and does not seem to have been very successful. Mme. Celeste played the wife of Defarge, and made a great hit in it, according to the London *News*.

The New Orleans *True Delta* has the following description of a *Dundreary* episode at the Varieties Theatre:

> "Our American Cousin" shows much bottom for a theatrical race. Crowded and brilliant audiences have waited upon Lord Dundreary nightly.
>
> "A somewhat droll event took place at the Varieties on Friday evening. Somebody wrote a witty letter to a member of the company, requesting him to summon all the artists of the green-room, previous to reading an address to Mr. Sothern, after which he requested that gentleman should be crowned by Mr. Wallack, with the appropriate wreath he took the liberty of presenting for the purpose. The imposing ceremony was performed as directed, and repeated again on the stage during the last act of "Our American Cousin," when Mr. John Owens, the manager, gracefully stepped forward and crowned the immortal Dundreary with a chaste wreath of *Woathled Chethenuths*, beautifully relieved by small *Oythter Thells*, and *Shrimp Thkins!* 'My Lord' made a brilliant acknowledgement, replete with stammering, hops, etc., which ended this somewhat odd presentation, the audience and artists evidently enjoying the joke intensely.
>
> "This was doubtless intended as a 'take off.' On the last night of 'Dot' some enthusiastic admirer threw a wreath to Miss Thompson. It was pretty well understood, so it is said, that the excessively fascinating leader of the orchestra was to pitch the fiddle aside, frantically rush upon the stage, and crown the pleasant little lady. But the manager, who can look stern when he chooses to chase the devil from his eyes, demurred. The consequence was no wreath-crowning that night, 'Dot' contenting herself with coming down to the stage boxes with the floral gift upon her arm. The chestnut present was a stunner, and will put an end to the jump-up-and-kiss-me enthusiasm of susceptible admirers.
>
> "'Everybody's Friend' comes after 'Our American Cousin,' when the public chooses to dismiss Dundreary and the Vermonter."

Mr. Wallack is getting mercenary. He announces that in order to accommodate "the paying public," he is obliged to shut down the gates upon the illustrious brigade of dead-heads. I never imagined that any one except myself ever thought that the people who paid for going to theatres had any rights which managers were bound to respect.

The Webb Sisters are still at the Broadway Boudoir. The Chevalier de Gant-Rouge went there, the other night, and estimates the gross receipts at $7 50. No brown-stone fronts to come out of that speculation, evidently.

There is a band of bogus Christy Minstrels travelling about in the rural districts. The only pure original Jacobs is that conducted by the fascinating George, at the elegant Mr. Niblo's Saloon.

In Irving Place.

The only thing worth mentioning in the Operatic way,—because the only thing that could claim the merit of novelty (a great merit in these latter days, when everybody is continually doing the same thing over and over again, except Walt Whitman, who does nothing as nobody ever did it before),—is the presentation of *Der Freischutz*, Opera by Carl Von Weber, beloved by Teutonia above all her composers except Mozart.

Carl Von Weber, most excellent master, esteemed by the gods and beloved of Barkhardt and Bergmann!

In Germany, Von Weber is adored. Fanaticism in India is nothing to it.

Let me tell you a story in point. It is not a "story" in your sense, Miss, because it happens to be true.

About fifteen years ago, the manager of one of the German theatres was surprised and delighted with a visit from a college comrade. They embraced; they kissed each other on either cheek. They ate of much sour-krout; they drank stoutly of much bier; they poured down bottle after bottle of the dry wine of the Rhine, and then drifted into a dispute about art, the last argument holden by a drunken man previous to his final appeal to the memory of his mother.

The manager was a devoted admirer of Carl Von Weber. He saw C. V. W. to the farthest possible extent. He was continually engaged in getting up *Der Freischutz*, with all sorts of new sceneries and decorations. His great point of interest was the incantation scene, when the magic bullets are cast, and he excelled all others in arranging demoniacal tableaux. On the day of the final rehearsal, the director invited his friend to visit the theatre, and hear the repetition generale of the "finest Opera ever written."

They went; but mark the stupidity of the guest! He couldn't see *Der Freischutz*. He pooh-poohed Carl Von Weber. That was worse than sacrilege. The friends separated in anger.

Some years passed. The revolution of '48 had broken out. All Germany was in a state of chronic inflammation. The manager and his quondam guest met in the insurgent ranks, and fought side by side at the barricades. The infidel who wouldn't believe in Carl Von Weber fell at the first fire, and died in the arms of the true believer.

The manager, in telling the story, stopped at this point to shed some natural tears, and then proceeded to detail the circumstances that attended the burial of his friend. He had been a medical student, and his body was taken to the College by his comrades, who could not resist so fine an opportunity for a post-mortem.

And, said the manager in conclusion, "mark the "working of the eternal law of compensation. It was "my pleasure to produce *Der Freischutz* with the skull "of my old friend as one of the properties for the in-"cantation scene, I doing *Caspar*."

That story includes pretty nearly all I know about *Der Freischutz*. I have a frantic German friend who says that Colson sung remarkably well; that Stigelli was good; although the music was rather too low for his voice, and the voice was very fine. Bergmann's orchestra, fair, but not in so good order as to justify the reputation of the conductor.

The German population did not come out very strongly for this opera—having no great confidence, I apprehend, in the artists. It has been sung twice: the first house was fair, and the second 'shy.'

Adelina Patti has repeated *Rosina*, in the *Barber*—which the young man of the *Sunday Times* calls "another chaplet in the wreath that encircles the brow "of the young prima donna" (I don't know what he means, but it sounds sweetly)—and *Amina*. Next week, she will make her début in *Martha*, in which rôle I think she will be very fine. To-day, for the matinée, she will sing *Rosina*, to a Piccolomini house, or I am quite mistaken as to the temper of the public.

Personne.

[For the Saturday Press.]

LEAVES FROM NATURE.

VIII.

I saw two children, the other day, playing in the checkered sunlight. Between the shadows, the golden rays danced in the air and upon the ground. One of the little ones tried to catch them with his tiny hands. His young companion snatched at the same rays, and the couple came into collision, quarreled and nearly fought over their right to catch the rays in question. A treaty of peace was, however, made between them, and they combined their forces, using all their hands to prevent the escape, and capture the beautiful beams. Still they eluded their grasp, and the bright patch of light waved to and fro, impalpable to them, and in defiance of their efforts. They grew angry at last because they could not secure it for themselves, and stamped upon it in order to crush it out of existence.

The analogy between their conduct and that of men seemed to me at once so complete and comical, that I could not restrain my laughter. The little fellows, however, were not more absurd than their elders. The greatest, the mightiest, and too often the wisest, try for years, and sometimes even for life, to grasp their impalpable sunshine;—call it glory, power, earthly happiness, contentment, or what you will. It seems ever within their reach, and melts into thin air or nothingness as they clutch it.

While struggling to seize the unreal, how jealous they become of all who attempt to do the same! Some men spend all their days in fighting off others from what they themselves covet, but cannot obtain. Such are disappointed authors, soured—like "wine turned into vinegar"—into critics.

The more politic unite their strength to that of others in the hope of making use of them as instruments to effect their purpose. Such, if success be possible, achieve it.

But man never, in this world at least, obtains the happiness and contentment he promised himself. Fame, power, wealth, or what not, when possessed, turns to dust, air—nothing. The sunlight that was to bring joy to the heart is still uncaught. Man is selfish, and if he cannot have all, is satisfied with nothing. If he had all, would he be better content? Most probably not in the least.

Disgusted on account of his unavailing efforts to grasp the rays of glory, the baffled poet will tell you that the public is a fool, and its delight in trash unaccountable. The unappreciated painter will show you that the prevailing taste is perverted, and true genius extinct. "Music," says the unheard composer, "is, some pretend, extinct; and I think myself, if it receives no better encouragement, it will soon die out. The expelled clergyman exposes the hypocrisy of his sect; the politician, the corruption of government; the bankrupt, the tricks of his trade; and the man whose zest for enjoyment and delicacy of the senses are dead, rails at pleasure as a sinful thing.

I have read to-day, a leaf from Human Nature's book. I would have much rather read twenty from the volume of inanimate creation, in which the God of love alone works, and is everywhere and ever supreme. But, observing last week, that the writer of the "Dramatic Feuilleton," in whose welfare I feel great interest, had become sad, because he could but admire, and not share the sentiments of the previous "Leaves from Nature," I have foregone this week my own pleasure, and hope by so doing to have furnished some sentiment that we can share together.

R. W. P.

— Messrs. John W. Parker & Son, London, have in preparation, to be published in three volumes, "A New System of Surgery, Theoretical and Practical." The editor is Mr. Holmes, Assistant-Surgeon to the Hospital for Sick Children, and the list of contributors includes the names of many able and experienced surgical operators, lecturers, and writers.

— The Will of the Right Hon. Thomas Babington (Baron) Macaulay, late of Holly Lodge, Kensington, was proved in the principal registry of the Court of Probate on the 12th of January, by Mr. Thomas Flower Ellis, of the Middle Temple, barrister, Recorder of Leeds, one of the executors, power being reserved to Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, K.C.B., and Lady Hannah More Trevelyan, wife of Sir Charles and sister of Lord Macaulay, the other executors. The personalty was sworn under £80,000. He has left the following legacies: To his brothers, the Rev. John Macaulay and Charles Zachary Macaulay, each £5,000. To his sister, Frances Macaulay, £2,000. To his nephews, Henry and Joseph, sons of his brother, Henry William Macaulay, each £1,000. To his niece, Margaret Jane, daughter of Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, £10,000. To his nephew, George Otho Trevelyan, and niece, Alice Harriet Trevelyan, the son and daughter of Sir Charles, £5,000 each; and to his executor, Thomas Flower Ellis, £1,000, and that he make a selection from his library of 100 printed books; the rest of his library, with his furniture and the residue of his personal estate, together with his real estate, he leaves to his sister, Lady Hannah More Trevelyan.

[From "Poems of Two Friends."]

THISTLES.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

I plucked them from the weedy lane,
And from the barren hillside-field,
Where years ago, for goodlier yield,
The sterile soil was sown in vain.

II.

In every desolate place they grow—
Neglected gardens, stony lands,
And acres tilled by drunken hands—
In baleful beauty, thrive and blow.

III.

Armed well, they keep the land alone,
Stinging all gentle flowers to death,
And filling the sweet zephyr's breath
With poison seeds for lands unknown.

IV.

I send them to you! You, whose scorn
So glad a soul made desolate,
And left unto the desert-fate
Of thistle-bloom and thistle-thorn!

V.

And so I send my thistle seeds,
And trust to find them bloomed again
In that rude heart where Love, in vain,
Toiled in the rocks and evil weeds.

VI.

Blow, thistles, blow! and ripe and fall
Upon the sterile soil below,
Where never fragrant flower shall grow—
Lo! yours the desert place is all!

— In France a literary man must have his sword ready as well as his pen; and although duelling there seems to have gone out of fashion since the organised attempt to assassinate M. de Pène (so far, at least, as collisions between the men of the sword and the men of the pen are concerned,) it is not quite extinct among literary men themselves. M. Edmond About, the author of "La Question Romaine" and many other popular French works, has just fought a duel, respecting which the following particulars are given by a Paris correspondent of the *Independance Belge*: "M. Edmond About, in his *feuilleton* of the *Opinion Nationale*, has sometimes been very aggressive in reply to unmeasured attacks of which he has frequently been the object, and it was expected that these quarrels would ultimately lead to some hostile meeting. This, in fact, has happened. In consequence of an article by M. About, published a few weeks ago, upon the subject of the musical teaching of M. Chevé, a very warm dispute arose between the writer and M. Vaudin, editor of the *Orphéon*. The reply of M. Vaudin was extremely violent; the rejoinder of M. About not less so. After the publication of this rejoinder, M. Vaudin sent his seconds to M. About, accompanying them to the house. M. About met these gentlemen by stating that he would do nothing until he had consulted his friends, but that his reply should not be long forthcoming. The next day he wrote, refusing to take part in any duel with M. Vaudin, whom, he said, he treated with contempt. The next morning M. Vaudin waited upon the Boulevards for M. About, who breakfasts every day at the Café des Italiens; and, when he saw him, went up to him and said, 'Do you remember me? I am M. Vaudin.' 'I cannot compliment you upon the fact,' replied M. About, moving back a step. M. Vaudin therefore insulted M. About in a manner that rendered a duel unavoidable. The two gentlemen fought to-day (23rd inst.), and M. About received a sword-wound in the arm, but so unimportant that he will be about again after a few days' rest."

— The late Prof. J. A. Alexander wrote a great deal, and varied the monotony of the slavery of the pen by altering the penmanship. The Rev. Dr. Cuyler says that some drafts of his Commentary were even written in a circle, over huge sheets of paper. He once said that to avoid the tedium of the recitation-room, he never taught two consecutive classes by the same methods entirely, nor did he call the roll two days exactly alike. This love of variety he carried into the preparation of his discourses; for we cannot now recall any two that were constructed on the same model.

— At a recent auction-sale in London, there were disposed of several letters from Sir Walter Scott to his *protégé* and factotum, Dan Terry, the actor and dramatiser of several of Sir Walter's plays. The letters were of the most familiar kind, as may be imagined by those who remember the letters of Sir Walter to Terry, published in "Lockhart's Life." Five out of the six letters sold, brought £9 6s., or very nearly £2 each.

— "The Veracity of the Book of Genesis; with the Life and Character of the Inspired Historian," is the title of a work in preparation by the Messrs. Longman, London, from the pen of the Rev. William H. Hoare, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; author of "Ecclesiastical History," &c. The object of the work is, first, to furnish a plain and clear account of what the sacred writer of the Book of Genesis really says in his narrative of events; and, secondly, to open out the meaning of the obscure and difficult passages, with careful attention to the different stages of advancement in Biblical knowledge amongst the various classes of readers, so as to bring an ordinary inquirer as far as possible up to the level of the present average of information regarding the passages and statements of events open to skeptical doubt.

— The Rev. Whitwell Elwin, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, is preparing for publication by Mr. Murray, not only a new edition, with a new life and notes, of the works of Addison, but an important and original contribution to the literature of his country. It is no less than a "Lives of Eminent British Poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth," and will fill a long, vacant niche in the literary history of Great Britain.

— Mr. Ruskin's fifth volume of "Modern Painters," concluding the work, will be published in the Spring.

— The New York correspondent of *The Charleston Courier* says that "a rumor obtains very generally here, that the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles has 'experienced a change of heart,' and that he contemplates connecting himself with some church. His former friends say that they have noticed a marked difference in his conduct recently. At Washington he leads a very different life from what he once did. Before he leaves the Capital, it is thought he will make a public profession of Christianity."

— The Civil Tribunal of Lyons has just given a decision in a case of promise of marriage. Last May, a M. Joachim and Mlle. Marie, in presence of some relatives and friends, signed a contract of marriage before a notary, and four days after, the bans were published in the usual way. Mr. Joachim made his intended various presents, such as jewelry, a gold watch, shawls, and dresses, and took an apartment at 2,000f. a-year. But on the very eve of the day fixed for the wedding, Mlle. Marie sent to inform M. Joachim that she had changed her mind and declined to marry him. All attempts to induce her to change her mind proving fruitless, M. Joachim sued the lady for the amount of expenses incurred, and for 2,000f. as an indemnity for his loss in hiring an apartment which he had no longer required. The tribunal condemned the lady to pay all the expenses and the amount expended by M. Joachim in presents, but rejected the demand for 2,000f. indemnity, and directed the parties to pay their own costs.

— It is stated that Mrs. Blandina Dudley has commenced proceedings in the Supreme Court, at Albany, to have a deed set aside which was obtained from her by Rutger B. Miller, of Utica, and which conveyed to him a large portion of her estate. She says that her name was procured to the deed by his allegation that the paper was a mere power of attorney to transact certain business.

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[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

policeman, in the open air, hoping thereby to make his own profit. This man existed only through Marcas; but he had just enough intelligence to appreciate the value of the man who sustained his reputation, to know that Marcas, if he once should succeed, would show that he was the necessary man, while he himself would be sent to the colonies of the Luxembourg. He resolved, therefore, to place invincible obstacles in the way of his director's advancement, and concealed this determination under protestations of absolute devotion to his interests. Like all small-minded men, he knew how to dissemble wonderfully; then he gained the battle in the field of ingratitude, for he knew he must destroy Marcas, or be destroyed by him. These two men, so united to all appearance, hated each other as soon as one had deceived the other. The statesman became one of the ministry; Marcas remained in the opposition in order to restrain them from attacking his Minister, for whom, by a skilful stroke of management, he obtained the praises of the opposition. In order to excuse himself from rewarding his lieutenant, the statesman pleaded the impossibility of immediately advancing a man from the opposition. Marcas had counted upon an office, so that by marriage he could obtain the right of election which he so much desired. He was thirty-two, and foresaw the dissolution of the Chamber. After having caught the Minister in a flagrant case of bad faith, he overthrew him, or rather contributed greatly to his fall, and rolled him in the mud.

Every fallen Minister should, in order to regain his power, show himself redoubtable. This man, whom the royal favor had intoxicated, who had believed himself Minister for a long time, saw the faults he committed: in acknowledging them he made a small present of money to Marcas, who during the contest had incurred some debts. He supported the journal for which Marcas wrote, and gave to him its management. While despising this man, Marcas, who received his favors as though they were his dues, consented to seem to make common cause with the fallen Minister. Without showing all of his superiority, Marcas displayed himself more than he had the first time,—he showed the half of his ability to conduct affairs. The ministry lasted only one hundred and twenty-four days: it was completely dismissed. Marcas, having some connection with many of the deputies, had managed them as he chose, leaving each of them holding a high opinion of his talents. His puppet made one of the new Ministry, and his journal became the ministerial one. The Minister joined this journal to another, simply for the purpose of annulling Marcas, who, in the new arrangement, had to give place to a rich and insolent manager, whose name was known, and who had obtained a footing.

Marcas fell again into poverty, and his high patron knew well into what an abyss he fell. Where should he go? The ministerial journals, advised beforehand, wanted nothing to do with him. The opposition journals did not wish to admit him among them. Marcas could join neither the republicans nor the legitimists, two parties whose success would be the overthrow of the actual condition of things.

"The ambitious love the actual," he said to us, smiling.

He lived by writing some articles about commercial enterprises. He worked for one of the Encyclopedias which speculation, and not science, have tried to produce. Then a paper was established, which lived two years, but which wanted Marcas for editor; then he renewed his acquaintance with the enemies of the ministry,—he could join the party which wished the overthrow of the ministry,—and as soon as his pick began to take hold, the ministry fell.

The paper he had edited had been dead six months. He could find a place nowhere; he was considered a dangerous man; calumny snarled at him, said that he caused the failure of an immense financial and industrial operation by some of his articles, and by a pamphlet. They knew he was the organ of a banker, it was said, who had paid him largely for doing so, and from whom he doubtless expected further favors in return for his devotion. Disgusted with with men and things, wearied by a struggle of five years, Marcas, considered more as a robber-chief than a great captain, overcome by the necessity of gaining his bread,—a necessity that prevented his gaining position,—crushed by the influence of money upon his thoughts,—a prey to the greatest poverty,—had retired to his garret, earning thirty cents a day, a sum just enough for his needs. Meditation had extended itself around him like a desert. He read the journals in order to keep up his knowledge of events. Pozzo di Borgo was in this condition for some time. Doubtless Marcas meditated the plan of a serious attack, and perhaps accustomed himself to dissemble, and punished himself for his faults by a Pythagorean silence. He gave us no reasons for his conduct.

It is impossible to tell the scenes of high comedy which were concealed under the algebraic synthesis of his life; the useless factions made at the very feet of Fortune, as she deserted them; the long hunts through the intricacies of Paris; the chase of the panting solicitor of favor; the modes of action tried with the inexperienced, the well-laid plans, which failed through the influence of an unapt woman; the conferences with monied men, who wished their funds to bring them in boxes at the opera, titles in the nobility, beside large interest; the hopes almost realised, but which fell upon their builders; the miracles performed in bringing adverse interests together, but which, after remaining united a week, separated again; the mortification, repeated a thousand times, of seeing a fool decorated with the Legion of Honor, as ignorant as a dunce, but preferred to a man of talent: then what Marcas called the stratagem of stupidity. A man is fastened on; he seems convinced, he nods his head, everything will be arranged: the next day, this indiarubber, for a moment compressed, has during the night recovered its elasticity; it is the same as before, and everything is to be begun again; you work at him until you find that you are not engaged with a man, but with a substance which exudes in the sun.

These thousand failures, these immense losses of human force, wasted upon sterile plans; the difficulty of doing well; the incredible facility of doing badly; two great contests fought, twice gained, and twice lost; the hatred of the Statesman, a blockhead with a painted mask and a false wig, but in whom people believed,—all these great and small things had not discouraged Marcas, but only depressed him for a moment. During the times that he had money, he had not retained it: he had enjoyed the heavenly pleasure of sending it all to his mother and sisters, to his brother and his old father. Like Napoleon, for himself he needed only thirty cents a day, and any man of energy in Paris could earn by his daily labor thirty cents.

When Marcas had finished to us this recital of his life, which was mingled with reflections, and full of the maxims of observation which showed him to be a great politician, it needed only a few answers to our questions about the state of affairs in France and Europe, to prove him to be a real statesman; for men can be easily and promptly judged as soon as they consent to touch upon the realm of difficulties. For superior men, this is a species of shiboleth, and we were of the tribe of modern Levites, without being as yet in the temple. As I have said, our frivolous life concealed the designs which Juste has executed, and which I mean to put in action.

After our conversation, we went out, the three of us, to walk before dinner, despite the cold, in the garden of the Luxembourg. During this promenade, the conversation, always grave, embraced the points of our present unhappy political situation. Each one of us had his say about them, gave his opinion, his joke, or his maxim. The question was exclusively about life, considered under the colossal proportions which Marcas, the veteran of political contests, ascribed to it. It was no longer the horrible monologue of the wrecked navigator in the garret of the Hotel Corneille, but a dialogue in which two educated young men, who had considered their epoch, under the guidance of a man of talent, sought to fathom their own future.

"Why," Juste asked him, "did you not wait patiently for an occasion? why did you not imitate the only man who, since the revolution of July, has known how to show himself, while keeping always above the waves of fortune?"

"Did I not tell you that we never know all the roots of chance? Cassel was in a position identical with that of this orator. That sombre young man, that bitter spirit, bore an entire government in his head! He of whom you speak had only the intention of showing himself riding behind every event; of the two, Cassel was the strong man. Well, one became minister; Cassel remained a journalist. The man who is incomplete but useful exists, but Cassel is dead. I have told you this man took fifteen years to make his way, and has only succeeded in preparing it; he might have been caught and crushed between the carriages that were rolling forward upon the road to fortune. He had no horse,—he had not, as Metternich had, the palace in his favor, or, like Villele, the protecting roof of a combined majority. I do not believe that in ten years the present condition of things will exist. Therefore, in supposing so sad a happiness, I am not suited to the present; since, in order not to be destroyed in the movement which I foresee, I should have taken a superior position."

"What movement?" said Juste.

"August, 1830," answered Marcas, in a solemn tone, extending his hand towards Paris. "August, made by the youth of France—of France, which has bound the sheaves made by the intelligence that matured the harvest, and which has forgotten the cause of youth and intelligence. But, like the boiler of a steam-engine, the youth of France will explode; there is in France no other vent possible for it. France accumulates an avalance of ignored capacities, of legitimate but discontented ambitions. Its young men do not marry; families do not know what to do with their children. What will create the confusion that will precipitate these masses, I do not know; but they will rush down upon the present state of affairs, and overwhelm them. There are laws of fluctuation that govern generations, and which the Romans disregarded until the barbarians came down upon them. The barbarian horde of to-day is intelligence. The laws of its excess are working now, slowly and silently, in our midst. The government is the one most to blame; it does not recognize the two agencies to which it owes everything. It has allowed itself to be bound hand and foot by the absurdities of its contract. It is fully prepared as a victim. Louis XIV., Napoleon, England, were and are eager to find the intelligent youth of their day. In France, youth is condemned by the new legislation, by the bad conditions of the elective principle, by the vices of the ministerial constitution. In examining the composition of the Elective Chamber, you will not find there any deputy of thirty. The youth of the times of Richelieu, Mazarin, Turenne, and Colbert, of Pitt, Saint Juste, Napoleon, Metternich, are not found there. Burke, Sheridan, Fox, could not take their seats there. They should make twenty-one the age of political majority, and make a man's eligibility free from all conditions. The departments would not have elected the present deputies—men without any political talent, incapable of speaking without murdering grammar, and among whom, in ten years, there is hardly a single statesman to be met. It is possible to understand the causes of a coming event, but impossible to foresee the event itself. At this moment we force the entire youth of France to become Republican, because in the Republic it sees a chance for its emancipation. It remembers the young representatives of the people and the young generals. The imprudence of the government is comparable only to its avarice."

This day had an effect upon our lives. Marcas strengthened us in our resolution of leaving France—where youthful superiority full of activity was crushed under the weight of successful mediocrity, envious and insatiable. We dined together in La Harpe street. From that time we treated him with respectful affection, and he showed to us in the realm of ideas an active care and protection. He knew everything, this man,—he had studied everything. For us he went over the political world, seeking the countries where the chances for the success of our plan were most numerous and favorable. He showed us where our studies should tend; he urged us on by explaining the value of time, in making us understand that emigration had commenced, that its effect would be to skim from France the cream of its energy, its youth; that such intelligence by necessity skilful, would choose the best places, and that it was necessary to arrive at them first. From that time we studied often far into the night.

This generous master wrote instructions for us, two for Juste, and three for me, which are admirable, giving the directions which experience alone can give, showing the landmarks which only genius can point out. In these pages perfumed with tobacco, written in almost hieroglyphic characters, there are indications of fortune, unerring predictions. There are prognostications about certain parts of America and Asia, that since, and before Juste and I could leave, were realized.

Marcas was reduced, as we were, to the greatest poverty. He earned his daily support, but he had no clothing, no outer garments, no shoes. He represented himself as no better off than he was; he had dreamed of luxury in imagining the exercise of power. So that he did not recognize his present self as the real Marcas. His body he abandoned to the caprice of fortune. He lived upon the breath of his ambition, he dreamed of vengeance, and feasted himself upon so empty a feeling. The true statesman should be primarily indifferent to all common passions; like the sage, he should be enthusiastic only for science. It was during these days of poverty that Marcus seemed to us grand, even terrible; there was something frightful in his look, which embraced another world than that which attracts the eyes of ordinary men. He was for us an object of study and astonishment,—for youth, who has not felt it in himself, needs an object for its admiration; it loves to attach itself,—it is naturally impelled to subordinate itself to the men whom it believes to be its superiors, as it devotes itself to grand things. Our astonishment was above all excited by his indifference to sentiment. Woman had never troubled his life. When we spoke of this eternal subject of conversation among Frenchmen, he said simply: "Dresses cost too much." Then, seeing the look which Juste and I exchanged, he resumed: "Yes, too much. The woman we buy, and she is the least costly, wants a great deal of money. She who gives herself to us, wants all of our time. Women are all activity and ambition. Napoleon reduced her to what she ought to be. In this respect, he was grand; he did not surrender himself to the ruinous fancies of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., but nevertheless he loved secretly."

We discovered that, like Pitt, who took England for his wife, Marcas had given his heart to France; he adored her; he had not a single thought which was not his country's. The rage he felt at holding in his hands the remedy for the evils whose activity saddened him, and at his inability to apply it, gnawed unceasingly at his heart; and his rage was still more augmented by the inferiority of France when compared with England and Russia. France occupying the third rank! This cry resounded through all of his conversation. The internal troubles of the country disturbed his whole nature. He called the disputes of the Court with the Chamber, which caused so many changes, so much agitation, were so injurious to the prosperity of the country,—a pot-house brawl.

"They give us peace by discounting the future," he said.

One evening Juste and I were busy, and buried in the deepest silence. Marcas had awoke, and was working at his copying, for, despite our pressing offers, he always refused our assistance. We had proposed to copy, each of us, a part of his task, so as to leave him only the third of his insipid work; he was annoyed at the offer, and we had insisted upon it no further.

We heard a sound of gentle footsteps in the entry. Some one knocked at Marcas' door,—for he always kept it locked. We heard our great man say, "Come in," and then, "You here, sir?"

"Yes, it is I," answered the former Minister, the Diocletian of the unknown Martyr.

He and our neighbor conversed some time in a low tone. Suddenly Marcas, whose voice we had heard at intervals, as in a conversation in which the questioner commenced by telling the facts, burst out in answer to some proposition we had not heard:

"You would laugh at me if I should believe you. The Jesuits are gone, but Jesuitism is eternal. You have no honesty, either in your Machiavelism, or in your generosity. You know how to scheme; but no one can tell what to depend upon in you. Your court is composed of owls, who fear the light,—of old men, who tremble before youth, or do not give their attention to it. The government models itself from the court. You have sought the remains of the Empire, as the Restoration employed the light-infantry of Louis XIV. Up to the present time, you have considered the recoils of fear or cowardice to be the manœuvres of skill; but the dangers will come, and the youth of France will rise as it did in 1790. It did magnificent things then. Now you change ministers, as a sick man does his position in bed. These movements show the weakness of your government. You have a system of political cheating which will be made to act against you; for France will clear herself of such trifling. She will not tell you she is tired of them; they never know how they perish,—the why is the task of the historian; but you will certainly perish, for not having asked of the youth of France its strength and energy, its devotion and ardor; for having hated those who were capable; for not having chosen them with love from among this splendid generation; for having selected mediocrity in everything. You come to ask from me my support; but you belong to that decrepid mass which interest renders hideous,—which trembles, shrivels, and wished to wither France, because itself is withering. My strong nature, my ideas, would be for you as poison: you cheated me twice,—twice I overthrew you; you know that. To unite us a third time, should be a serious matter. I would kill myself if I should allow myself to be cheated; for I would despair of myself. The culpable one would not be you, but me."

We heard then the most humble words, the warmest adjurations not to deprive the land of his superior talents. They talked of the country. Marcas said "bah!"—he mocked his pretended patron. The statesman became more explicit. He recognised the superiority of his ancient counsellor. He engaged to give him the opportunity to remain in the administration, to become a deputy. Then he proposed to him a high office, saying that then he, the Minister, would make himself subordinate to him, to whom he could not be anything else than lieutenant. He was one of the new ministerial combination, and did not wish to return to power unless Marcus had a place suited to his merit; he had spoken of this combination, and Marcus had been comprehended in it as a necessity.

Marcas refused.

"I have never yet been thought to keep my engagements; here is an occasion for me to be faithful to my promises, and you make it fail."

Marcas did not answer this last phrase. The footsteps made their sound in the entry, and the noise proceeded down stairs.

"Marcas! Marcas!" we both cried, rushing into his room, "why refuse? He offers in good faith. His conditions are honorable. Besides, you will see the Ministers."

In the twinkling of an eye, we urged a hundred reasons to Marcas; "the future Minister's accent was truthful; without seeing him, we believe that he does not lie."

"I have no coat," answered Marcas.

"Count upon us," said Juste, looking at me. Marcas had the courage to trust to us: the light glowed in his eyes, he passed his hand through his hair, brushed his forehead by one of those gestures which revealed a faith in happiness, and when he had, so to speak, unvailed his face, we perceived a man who was perfectly unknown to us; Marcas sublime, Marcas in power, the spirit in its element, the bird returned to the air, the fish replaced in the water, the horse coursing over the plain. This was but momentary; his forehead clouded again; he seemed to have a foresight of his destiny. The halting Doubt followed close behind white-winged Hope. We left him.

"Ah," said I to the Doctor, "we have promised, but how perform?"

"Let us think of it during our sleep," answered Juste, "and to-morrow morning we will compare our ideas."

The next day we went to walk in the Luxembourg. He had had time to think of the events of the last evening, and we were equally surprised at the little shrewdness Marcas showed in the small miseries of life; he whom nothing embarrassed in the solution of the most elevated problems of national or material politics. But these elevated natures are all liable to trip over grains of sand, to fall in the most splendid enterprises for want of a thousand francs. It is the story of Napoleon, who, for want of a pair of boots, did not set out for India.

"What have you decided on?" asked Juste.

"Well, I have found a way of getting credit for an entire suit."

"From whom?"

"Hamann."

"How?"

"Hamann, my dear fellow, never goes to his customers, they go to him; so that he does not know whether I am rich. He only knows that I am an elegant fellow, and wear the clothes he makes for me. I shall tell him that I have an uncle here from the country, whose indifferent style of dress has done me great injury in the elegant company I frequent in order to get married. He will not be Hamann if he sends in his bill before three months."

The doctor found that an excellent idea, for a farce, but detestable in the reality of life, and he doubted its success. But I swear to you that Hamann dressed Marcas, and, artist as he is, dressed him as a politician should be dressed.

Juste offered Marcas two hundred francs in gold, the product of two watches, bought on credit, and then pawned. I say nothing of the six shirts, of all the necessary underclothes, which cost me only the pleasure of asking them from the head clerk of a shirt-store—a young woman with whom I had danced at Musard's balls during the Carnival. Marcas accepted all, without thanking us more than he ought. He only inquired the means by which we came into possession of so much riches, and we made him laugh for the last time. We regarded our Marcas, as merchants who had exhausted their credit and spent their money to equip a ship, should watch her setting sail.

Here Charles was silent; he appeared overwhelmed by his recollections.

"Well," we said to him, "what happened now?"

"I shall tell you in two words; it is not a romance, but a history. We did not see Marcas again. The ministry lasted three months; it was overthrown after the session. Marcas came back to us without a cent, and exhausted by work. He had sounded the crater of power; and he returned with a commencement of a nervous fever. His illness increased rapidly, but we nursed him. Juste immediately brought the head Doctor of the Hospital in which he was practising, to see him. I, occupying the room alone then, was the most careful of nurses. But attention or science were in vain. In January, 1838, Marcas himself felt that he had only a few days to live. The statesman whom he had served so devotedly, did not come to see him, nor even send to ask how he was. Marcas showed the profoundest contempt for the Government; he seemed to doubt concerning the destinies of France, and this doubt had caused his illness. He seemed to see treason in the heart of power,—not an overt treason, that could be definitely shown in actions, but a treason produced by a system, by a subjection of national interests to an egotism. His belief in in the debasement of country was enough to aggravate his sickness. I was witness to propositions made him by one of the leaders of the opposition which he had combated. His hate towards those whom he had tried to serve was so violent, that he would have consented joyfully to enter the coalition which commenced to be formed between the ambitious, who had at least one idea,—that of throwing off the yoke of the Court. But Marcas answered the propositions in the words of the Hotel de Ville,—"It is too late."

Marcas did not leave enough to bury him. Juste and I had great difficulty in saving him from the shame of the cart for paupers; and we two, alone, followed the coffin of Z. Marcas, which was buried in the common grave, in the cemetery of Mount Parnassus.

We looked at each other sadly, as we listened to this story, the last one told to us by Charles Rabourdin, the evening before he sailed in a brig from Havre for the Malaisian Islands; for we knew more than one Marcas, more than one victim of political devotion, rewarded by treason or forgetfulness.

At Jardies, May, 1840.

AN ARABIC NEWSPAPER.—An Arabic newspaper, on the American model, published at Beyrout, Syria, presents most of the stirring features of its western prototypes. It is a fair-sized sheet, and is issued on Saturdays, at $6 a-year. It was established—by consent of the Sultan—at the beginning of 1858. It was called *Hadikat el Achbar*, or the Garden of News, and is wholly a private enterprise, one-half of the necessary capital having been furnished by a most liberal native merchant, Michael Modavvar. Its publisher and editor is Chalil el Chûri, a native writer and poet of fine culture, and the author of a volume of Arabic poems, printed at the Mission press in 1857. The contents of the *Hadikat* are divided between domestic and foreign news, miscellaneous items, wit, sentiment, trade, and advertisements. The miscellany presents a great variety, including literary, scientific, industrial and commercial articles, and moral essays, and long tales, continued from number to number—like those of the *Ledger* and papers of that sort—either original or translated from the French. The following are the titles of some of the stories: "A Bridal Night," "History of the Marquis de Fontagne," "The Seven Sleepers," according to the modern Arab tradition, and "The Narrative of El Barrak ben Rauban," in the style of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment.—*Eve. Post.*

"How fortunate beyond all others is the man, who, in order to adjust himself to his fate, is not obliged to cast away his whole preceding life.—*Goethe.*

— Florence Nightingale, in her new work entitled "Notes on Nursing: what it is, and what it is not," says:—

"It is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when the female ink-bottles are perpetually impressing upon us 'woman's particular worth and general missionariness,' to see that the dress of women is daily more and more unfitting them for any 'mission' or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitted for all poetic and all domestic purposes. A man is now a more handy and far less objectionable being in a sick-room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles; only a man can cross the floor of a sick-room without shaking it. What is become of a woman's light step—the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for?"

— At the gentle solicitings of Thackeray, backed by the proffer of a guinea a line, Tennyson has written a poem for the *Cornhill Magazine*. The poem is short, and bears the title of "Tithonius."

— Mr. Saxe Bannister, the enthusiastic biographer of William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, and the republisher of several of his works, has in the press "The Writings of Paterson," in three volumes.

— Mr. Theodore Martin, whose translation of Ochlenschlager's "Correggio," as well as his share in the Bon Gaultier ballads, will have made his name familiar, has been engaged in an English version of the odes of Horace.

— Ernst Morits Arndt, the nonagenarian poet and patriot, has just completed his ninety-first year. He is on the point of presenting the German public with a new and complete edition of his poems, which is ready for publication.

— The popular author of "Paul Ferrol" has written a tale entitled "War," which will appear in the February number of the *Constitutional Press Magazine*.

— Messrs. Saunders, Otley, & Co., London, announce for publication a work entitled "Napoleon the Third on England and English History, as set forth by himself in his own Writings."

— The Camden Society, London, has nearly ready for issue to its members the two following promising works: 1. "Letters of George Lord Carew, afterwards Earl of Totnes, to Sir Thomas Roe," edited by John Maclean, Esq., F.S.A. 2. "Narratives of the Days of the Reformation, and the Contemporary Biographies of Archbishop Cranmer; selected from the papers of John Foxe the Martyrologist," edited by John Gough Nichols, Esq., F.S.A.

— Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has returned once more to poetry. The poem of "St. Stephens" (to be completed in three parts), which opens the current number of *Blackwood*, is ascribed to the author of the "New Timon," and "What what will he do with it?"

The tale of "Norman Sinclair," in *Blackwood*, is, from the pen of Professor Aytoun, and the paper on the "Voyage of the Fox" from that of Captain Sherard Osborn.

— Mr. Bancroft's eighth volume, it is said, will be soon issued from the press. It is the second volume of that portion of the work relating to the history of the Revolutionary War.

— Mr. Moore, librarian of the New York Historical Society, will publish in a few days the result of his important investigations on the subject of the treasonable conduct of General Charles Lee, of the army of the Revolution.

— Messrs. Chapman & Hall have in the press "Poems and Essays, by the late William Caldwell Roscoe, edited by his brother-in-law, Richard Holt Hutton."

— Mr. Murray's long-announced edition of Pope is being seen through the press by Mr. Elwin, the editor of the *Quarterly*.

— The Rev. George Gilfillan's forthcoming work is to be entitled "Alpha and Omega," and consists of a series of Scripture studies.

— It is stated that Madame Celeste has made a most liberal offer to Charles Dickens to induce him to write an original drama for her establishment.

— Southey's "Life of Nelson" was the result of a suggestion made by Murray the publisher, that the author should expand a magazine article on Nelson, written by him for the *Quarterly Review*, in 1810.

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		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	33⅓
Second " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

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July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

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